THE BAY GUARDIAN

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Is PT&T's rate push just jarring coincidence?

By our correspondent

The Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co., with no competition and a publicly-protected hammerlock on more than two-thirds of the telephones in California, recently reported net income of $153.6 million after taxes in 1966.

On the exact same day, the company asked for a $181,000,000 annual increase in its rates. It said the money was vitally needed to offset a desperate need for improved earnings.

If the apparent inconsistency of these two news items jarred some readers of the daily press, their feelings weren't soothed much when, a week later, American Telephone & Telegraph Co. announced that its net profits after taxes had climbed to a record $1,980,000,000—and that's nearly two billion dollars.

SINCE AT&T owns about 90 per cent of the stock in Pacific Telephone, the California utility's cry for "more profits" seemed strange, to say the least.

But Pacific Telephone is far too bright to base its claim on mere desire for larger hordes of gold and silver. Its request to the California Public Utilities Commission was carried on a platter labeled "tight money."

That money is tight can be of no doubt to anyone who has tried to borrow some recently or to anyone who has seen his savings and loan account earn at an all-time high interest rate. "It is costing us billions to expand along with California's growth," says Pacific Telephone, "and much of the financial burden is the cost of money we must borrow to pay for new construction."

In a column which followed by precisely one week Pacific's request for higher rates and report of all-time high earnings and by precisely one day AT&T's report of all-time high earnings, the San Francisco Chronicle's financial editor, Sidney P. Allen, surveyed Pacific's tight money problem.

THE company, maybe the largest in California, is having to pay 6% interest on borrowed millions, wrote Allen, instead of the modest 4⅝% it was paying just a year ago. He concluded:

"The revenues to pay that added interest has [sic] to come from somebody. And there doesn't seem to be anybody left

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The NIGHTMARE WORLD of MARK TWAIN

Full of Strange Dreams, Black Thoughts & Sargasso Seas Prowled by SATAN HIMSELF

Being a Prepublication Visit to the Hellish Late Manuscripts of Mark Twain Generously excerpted by Guardian Editors

Plus HENRY NASH SMITH Describing An Elaborate Publishing Venture

All on Page 9

Stormy lagoons of Foster City

VOTELESS RESIDENT SUES DEVELOPERS, HALTS WORK

By Luman C. Drake and Bruce B. Brugmann

(Copyright 1967, The Bay Guardian Co.)

There are whitecaps on the Blue Lagoons of Foster City.

For the first time in its controversial seven year history, the constitutional, legal, financial and political pilings of this mammoth bayfill residential project in San Mateo County have been seriously challenged and, in turn, the foundations of many land developments involving thousands of persons and billions of dollars.

At stake also, in a $30,000,000 taxpayers' suit, is a major, but little understood, principle accelerating much gargantuan California development: the use of public funds, through a specially drawn assessment district, to subsidize reclamation and development of marginal land such as tideflats or open bay waters.

ALSO: large chunks of San Francisco Bay (to be filled) and large chunks of nearby hillside (to be used for fill) that would continue to be obliterated under this developer-oriented method of financing.

Significantly, the challenge comes not from conservationists fretting about fill, marshes and wildlife habitats, but from a prosperous businessman, an early Foster City resident and the president of Diamond Drilling and Supply Co. in San Francisco, Walter S. Cooper. He frets about the economic realities and tax liabilities of living in a special assessment district, owned and controlled by a single developer, in which residents hold no votes and exercise no power except through the courts.

This amounts to "taxation without representation," Cooper charged in effect in his suit, and he cited several reasons why the owner developer, T. Jack Foster and his sons, should:

(1) Give voting rights to Foster City residents so they may, among other things, influence the special district's financial and taxing policies.

(2) recover $30,000,000 of the district's public cost of dredging, and grading property owned privately by Foster.

Cooper's suit, filed Dec. 2, 1966, has imperiled the 2400-acre project: dredging has been halted for weeks because the district (as distinguished from Foster) has run out of money; further sale of district improvement bonds has been stopped (the State Supreme Court recently rejected Foster's attempt to get an early dismissal of Cooper's suit), and the sale of Foster properties has slowed.

However, much more than a temporary building lull is at stake in Cooper's suit. For he has struck at the heart of the principle—the use of public credit to finance projects too risky for private financing — that makes possible such huge fill developments as Foster City, Redwood Shores (off Belmont, San Carlos and Redwood City) and the Rockefeller/Crocker proposed city-in-the-bay.

HERE'S the history: The current trend to subsidize private development with public funds was started in 1960 with the passage of state legislation subsidizing two specific projects—Foster City (2,600 acres of San Francisco Bay tidelands near the San Mateo-Hayward bridge) and Embarcadero Municipal Improvement District (1,320 acres near Goleta in Santa Barbara County). The legislation was drafted and lobbied for successfully by a San Mateo law firm, Wilson, Jones, Morton & Lynch, now the bond counsel for Foster's district, Estero Municipal Improvement District (EMID).

Foster City now has about 6,000 residents on 2,100 acres of reclaimed land. Embarcadero col-

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The Bay Guardian will hold a "Start the Presses" party in the garret of its new headquarters at 746 Brannan St., San Francisco.

Time: 5 p.m. on March 30.

Agenda: steam beer, jazz, rock bands and all the fun you can have South of Market.

Price: 50 cents for subscribers with mailing label, $1 for everybody else.

When the dredges are silent, the taxpayers are heard

Continued from Page 1—

lapsed long ago with the conviction of developers on 30 counts of misappropriating funds and obtaining district moneys through fraudulent misrepresentation.

HERE'S the principle: EMID's boundary lines are artfully drawn to coincide with Foster's holdings. The special district thus becomes a tightly controlled operating division of the promoter's organization — an operating division which raises risk capital by issuing tax-exempt municipal bonds independently of its own credit resources or capital reserve.

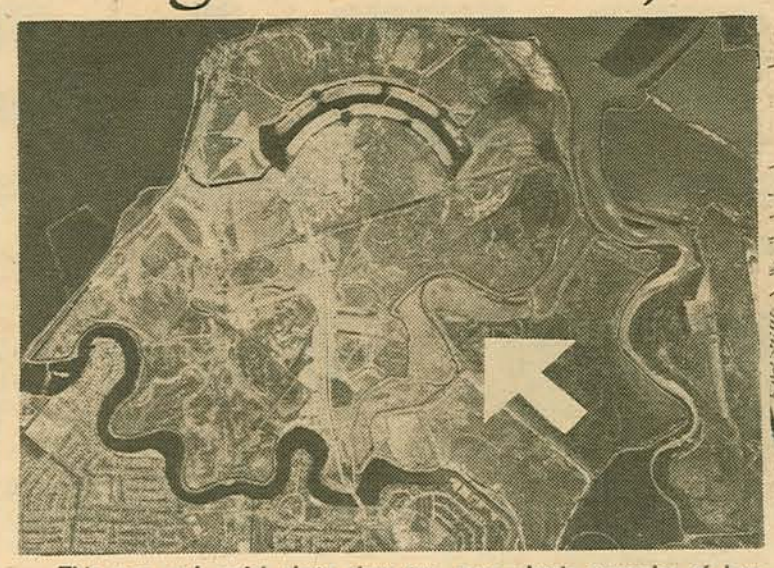
Subsequent legislation refined the principle further by expanding the concept of "reclamation" as a municipal function (traditionally, the dewatering of marshy land) to cover excavation, filling and otherwise preparing almost any type of terrain for subdivisions.

In sum: Developers could eliminate the huge risk/cost of reclaiming baylands and other marginal land by using a public agency to finance basic site preparation costs.

ARTICLE II, Section 6 of the State Constitution says: "Corporations for municipal purposes shall not be created by special laws." The fundamental principle underlying the use of a special district is to provide a public purpose or benefit, say for sewers or parking facilities, that cannot be provided by a city or county government.

EMID, however, under this special district act, is authorized to condemn property, provide police, fire and health protection, reclaim "submerged or other land by watering or dewatering" and to issue tax-exempt bonds.

"This is no special purpose district," says Cooper's attorney, James W. Funsten of San Francisco, "but an attempt to organize a city without having to incorporate and give the residents a voice in its finances."





This map and aerial photo show two more classic examples of how publicly owned, navigable waterways have been obliterated by filling. In an official 1927 San Mateo County map, you can see (inside the bold lines) a small inlet from the bay and the coil of Seal Slough that separates Brewers Island from the mainland in San Mateo County east of San Mateo. In a 1963 aerial photo, you can see the two waterways as they now exist: beneath fill in the Foster City development. Up the bay a few miles, the Leslie Salt Co. similarly filled the once navigable coil of Smith Slough lying within sight of the Bayshore freeway in Redwood Shores.

Didn't you know?
We're all filling the bay

—see editorial on page 8

SOME residents—lessees of lagoon-front lots, for example—have no right to vote whatsoever, while others have the right to vote for the three-man district board of directors only according to the assessed valuation of their real property. Cooper contends this violates the constitution's one man, one vote principle.

In any event, there has been no district election and little need of one, since two directors are "elected" by Foster (who owned all district lands at the outset and who has one vote for each dollar of assessed valuation) and the third appointed by the San Mateo County Board of Supervisors to represent the public interest.

One EMID director is W. A. Innes, the Foster organization's comptroller. The other is a former Foster employee, George C. Shannon. The county's appointee is C. W. Olmo, a building contractor and real estate broker who was given a contract to build the two-story concrete building, owned by Foster, which houses the Estero district office and its handful of employees in Foster City.

Estero leases the whole top floor from Foster for $2,800 per month, plus $275 for janitorial services. Before moving, it paid $600 next door in a building not owned by Foster.

"FURTHER evidence of the complete control and domination of the Estero District by T. Jack Foster," as Cooper's suit puts it, is that Estero's attorneys, the Wilson firm, were Foster's attorneys who drafted the legislation creating the district; work specifications in Estero and Foster contracts go to bid in the same bound volume; the district paid $4,000 to Foster's present attorneys, Long & Leavit of San Francisco, in 1962; the district has paid Foster a fixed fee for doing its bookkeeping.

This "fiduciary relation" between Foster and the district was of considerable financial advantage to Foster, Cooper charged. Much of district funds, he said, went to Foster representatives or his corporations:

- $350,000 (for incidental expenses).
- $400,000 for a thin strip of park land along the main boulevard into the city. This land had been filled by district taxpayers, then sold to them, at a handsome profit by Foster, even though many residents opposed the site's usefulness as a park.
- $1,600,000 to Midwest Dredging Corporation, a paper corporation incorporated in Delaware by Foster on July 31, 1961.
- Another $910,218.05 was routed to Midwest through a complicated check endorsement procedure with Associated Dredging Corporation of Sausalito (who was doing the actual dredging.) Associated would make claims and receive checks from the district, then endorse them over to Midwest, Cooper charged.

Estero's official bond statement, dated April 9, 1964, stated the dredging award went to Midwest "after considerable negotiations by the board," but failed to note that Midwest was a Foster-controlled corporation with offices in a Foster building.

These facts, the Estero brief replied, do not constitute a cause of action unless it is charged Midwest wasn't entitled to these funds. Retorted Cooper in his answer:

"Where such clandestine methods are used by a private organization which controls public funds to disburse more funds to themselves, it would not seem that the taxpayer must prove this private organization is not entitled to the funds any more than a bank need prove that a bank robber was not a depositor."

Because of the public nature of the Foster/district relationship, Cooper said, there is a "duty of disclosure" which was apparently violated in several instances.

In particular, he charged, Foster failed to disclose the clouded titles on sloughs in the districts, as shown in his deeds and title reports, and that district funds were used to fill, compact and grade once-navigable waterways that may be publicly owned.

FOSTER, Cooper charged, has filled one slough area and is filling another—both of which are shown, in an official 1927 San Mateo County map, as being submerged and hence in the public domain under residual powers granted by the State Constitution. The deed of trust, conveying titles from the Leslie Salt Co. to Foster, reserves "any right or interest of the State of California in or to . . . submerged land . . ."

Already filled in is the southern arc of Seal Slough, which many old-timers recall sailing, and going fast is an inlet of old Morgan oyster beds curling, boot-shaped, into the district from the bay.

PUBLIC reclamation funds were used to fill part of the inlet, the state has taken another part for a stretch of the bitterly controversial bayfront freeway. What remains of the inlet is to be reclaimed in an upcoming $8,000,000 bond issue.

Interestingly enough, the state paid Foster $900,000 for the freeway corridor—land which may be publicly owned.

The filling of Seal Slough, making a Peninsula of Brewers Island (Foster's site), is even more questionable, an independent Guardian investigation determined. For this slough was

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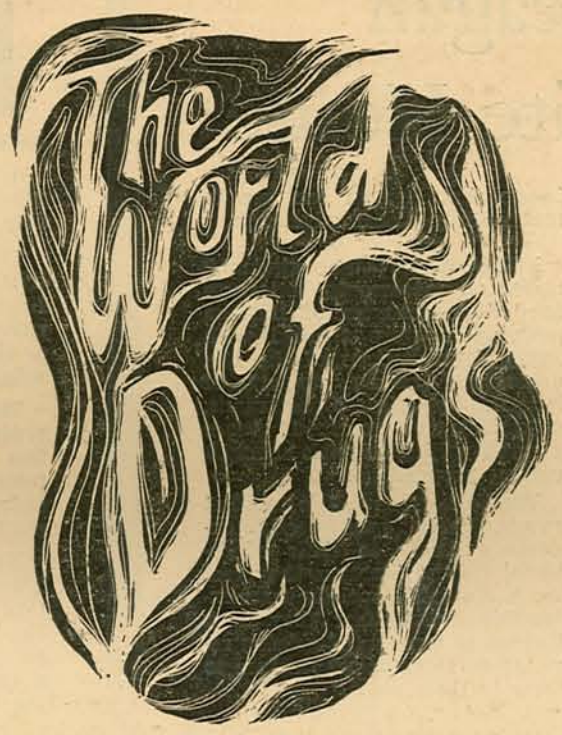
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Part 2 of the Guardian's compelling series



Guardian sketch by Gardiner©

Police are baffled. Lieutenant Norbert Currie, head of San Francisco Police Department's narcotics bureau, admitted this to a group of hippies last week.

Why is drug use soaring to unprecedented heights? Narcotics arrests among young people in Berkeley last year increased by the staggering figure of 220 per cent. San Francisco arrested 2,049 drug users last year. It is the same story around the state. And arrest statistics, officials concede, probably only scratch the surface of drug use.

What is the attraction of drugs? pleaded Lieutenant Currie. "What can we do?" he asked the hippies. He got many answers.

The Guardian recommends that every policeman interested in finding answers should get a copy of the University of California School of Criminology's recently-published report on Oakland's Add (Addict) Center.

UC researchers, headed by Roger Smith, 29-year-old doctor of criminology candidate, spent 18 months gaining the respect and trust of Oakland's young drug users as no policeman or welfare worker ever could.

Because The Guardian believes officials and the public have many misconceptions about drugs and drug users, and that it is time for rational, sane words on the problem, we are printing extracts from the report.

In the last issue we probed the world of the rowdy dude and the pot head. Here: the mellow dude and the player.

Mellow crowd is sophisticated, casual

By the Guardian staff

Sexual conquest and party going are the chief preoccupations of the "mellow dude" —by far the most common youthful drug user type, say UC researchers.

The mellow dude is also game to "try anything once" as long as it is carried out in cool manner.

Although weed (marijuana) is the drug most often used, mellow people often use stimulant pills, LSD and crystal (methadrine).

Says the UC report:

"FOR the most part, drugs are used for the 'sex trip' and a number of myths (or facts) have developed around the 'sexual boost' of various drugs.

"There is outstanding tolerance toward different people among the 'mellow crowd' and it is common to see different racial groupings having fun together at the same party, in a sociable manner, with no tension filling the air.

"There is also a tendency toward humanism, a striving for authentic interpersonal relationships and a mockery of many conventional practices.

"However, such a drift among mellow people is not formulated into a working ideology as it is among different college age drug users in 'hippie' or intellectual circles."

The crucial difference, explains the report, between the mellow dude and the weed or pot head lies in the regularity of use and the degree of involvement in the adolescent market place for illegal drugs.

"Mellow people do not 'deal' for profit; rather, they pass drugs around as an expression of friendship and trust.

"Thus, it is common for one to exchange 'joints' with close friends, 'bum' cigarettes for a period, and then give joints away, all the time 'maintaining one's cool,' and 'coasting' from party to party ('making the scene').



"A mellow dude is often satisfied with buying by the matchbox, with a few pills sporadically used, and periodic LSD trips. His drug use is inexpensive and constitutes a small portion of his daily routine.

The UC report illustrates its conclusions with remarkably revealing, sometimes crude, quotes from young drug users.

". . . I'd say that I get loaded anytime when it comes my way, but I don't consider myself a pot head. If it comes my way, I'll smoke it, but I'm not going to go out of my way to look for it . . ."

". . . You could get loaded just about anywhere if you're cool, man. In a car, on your way to a party or something. You know, have friends drop over to my house, play few sides (records) or something. You don't need to be getting loaded, but it's boss when you're loaded . . . You can't really say a special place, 'cause we don't ever have the intention of just getting loaded, you know. It's usually just around . . ."

The mellow youngsters' parties are in sharp contrast to the wild affairs of the rowdy set. Everything is under control, no windows are broken, no fights and the atmosphere is "out of sight."

". . . See, a user has to be more cool, naturally. But these other dudes, like the guys in our group, we're not thugs and street walkers and all that. This is their type. When we get high, we might use the same words, and it makes us think of weird things, and we just sit down and trip off weird music and books we don't even understand the words in. We can be drinking beer, sit around, trip off TV. Don't go out for that rowdiness or taking advantage of anybody. Just mellow, you know. . . ."

By contrast, "frat parties" are usually rowdy. A girl from the lower social strata describes the difference between those and "cool parties":

". . . People with us, they don't get rowdy. There's some dudes that if they get rowdy everybody sits back and says, Go knock yourself out, there's the wall. But if we get mad enough everyone would just jump on him . . . Like one time I blew so much grass and drank so much—you know, we'd been going for eight hours—and I just crashed on the flood.

And at the time I was the only girl there and they laid me on the bed so nobody would step on me. . . . Now if I'd done that up there (hill area), a train would have been pulled (group of boys having sexual intercourse with the same girl during the

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Schools' comic book is 'laughable' as weapon against drugs

"Hooked," the color comic book announced last week by San Francisco school officials as a new weapon in their war against drugs, drew nothing but scorn from Roger Smith, University of California's leading drug researcher.

"It's kind of laughable," chuckled Smith, 29-year-old head of the juvenile section of Oakland's former Addict Center. "It's obviously written by people who don't know what's happening."

The comic type booklet, printed by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, tells the story of a boy who starts on marijuana, becomes a school dropout, starts on heroin, turns to thievery to pay for his habit and ultimately wrecks his life.

Emphasized Smith: "If there's one thing we discovered in 18 months of working with young drug users, it's that the percentage of marijuana users who progress to heroin is very, very small — almost less than two percent. And most young marijuana users think heroin addicts are fools.

"It's quite true that most heroin addicts have started out by using marijuana, but it's a common mistake to suppose that there is an inevitable progression.

"I doubt if you can scare kids with this," added Smith. "The kids who have probably not the slightest possibility of getting involved with drugs will be very impressed. The others will just think it funny.

"You have to be a little more realistic than this," said Smith.

Smith also commented on the doubling of classroom instruction time on narcotics education, announced at the same time. Physical education, science and social studies teachers, it was said, would give lectures on marijuana, LSD, heroin and dangerous drugs and their harmful effects.

Declared Smith: "Most teachers I have talked to don't know enough about drugs. Their students could probably tell them more. And if a teacher sets himself up as an expert, and he isn't, he could probably do more harm than good.

"I think school drug education should be approached from a non-moralistic standpoint and should be of the same quality as science subjects."

Most important, said Smith, "you should not be compounding the myths. You don't do this in a biology class. And you ought to have qualified people who know what they are talking about."

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Student howls give Reagan push towards the White House

By our correspondent

WASHINGTON — California's student community, which had such great success in ridding the University of California of Clark Kerr, now appears to be waging a campaign that could help propel Gov. Reagan into the White House.

The student march on the state capitol, culminating in the howling mob scene that made it nearly impossible for Reagan to speak, was duly noted in the Eastern press. With these reports came a not too subtle change in Reagan's treatment by editorial writers and columnists.

REAGAN's double-edged proposals to slash the UC and state colleges' budget and impose tuition had been considered here as the ravings of a political neophyte. Washington's pros of both parties, who had viewed Reagan's capture of California with much interest, if not outright alarm, relaxed. After watching the actor's early performance, they were convinced Reagan was rapidly eliminating himself from national prominence.

After all, doesn't everyone want a free education for his kid? And who could believe that Californians, accustomed to the best state services in the nation, would accept austerity while basking in economic plenty?

The upshot of this thinking was that Reagan — a novice in the field — simply hadn't the political savvy to give the people what they wanted. They began to dismiss his election as

Dateline Washington

but another affirmation of California's widely known political immaturity. Quickly they forgot that only a month earlier they'd been talking of Reagan as potential presidential timber.

EXCEPT for student demonstrators, shouting savagely on the Capitol steps for all the nation to see on television, Reagan might have faded into the political backwash to which the old pros so readily consigned him. He might have become — once all the stories about movie star turned governor finally had been written — just another statehouse chief battling a legislature on such parochial items as the state budget.

But students spared Reagan that fate.

They gave him national exposure as a polite but harassed adult virtually mobbed by arrogant, impolite juveniles.

True or not, that was the image that carried to Washington. And in these days of considerable adult discomfiture with the growing independence of youth — with its built-in implication that "you've failed miserably, daddyo, so move aside" — it's an image that Reagan can use to maximum political advantage.

FOLLOWING the students' march on Sacramento, letters to the editor columns of Eastern newspapers were flooded with angry denunciations of the students and strong support of Reagan's policies. Californians, columnists reported, were pleased with Reagan's budget-cutting propensities.

What's hard to tell is to what extent Californians really endorse cutbacks in their educational system (because they feel the state is financially over-extended) or whether they back Reagan as a means of gaining revenge on students who refuse to "stay in their place."

IN ANY EVENT, by tangling with the students — (who willingly provided him that most dramatic of forums, the mob scene) — Reagan has kept his name alive for 1968 and now seems assured of wielding considerable influence in national politics — if not as a candidate, then at least as a power the candidate must refer to on policy.

The irony is that Reagan's prestige is flourishing less than three years after Goldwaterism was so soundly repudiated. And it's flourishing because many of the same liberal types who damned the far right have adopted Bircher-fascist tactics of arrogance and extremism that make Reagan appear the defender, not the bitter enemy, of reason.

Bay Area's legislative lineup

By our correspondent

SACRAMENTO — The Bay Area's 1967 delegation to the Legislature collectively offers something to everyone among the voters. Individually, some of the eight senators and 13 assemblymen from the six major counties around the bay shortchange constituents.

One or two give them more than their money's worth.

Their political shadings and specific programs are important, but another quality — legislative personality — is foremost.

Seniority helps some Bay Area legislators maintain power in the face of the new regiment of Southern Californians in the reapportioned Assembly and Senate. An individual's power is supported by votes cast in the right directions. But the crucial test of power is based upon an image of past successes, current projects and future prospects.

For the state, the Bay Area will provide the key to liberal or moderate Republican leadership opposing Gov. Reagan. However, the area's pre-eminent legislative personalities nowadays are both Democrats.

• Sen. **GEORGE MILLER, JR.**, Martinez Democrat. Miller has taken a strong stand against Reagan's economy budget and so far has won senate support in initial battles. Miller is chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. His power comes from seniority, a tough, commanding presence and cutting humor.

• Sen. **J. EUGENE McATEER**, San Francisco Democrat, a polished performer who wants to go home to be a mayor. McAteer won chairmanship this year of the Senate Governmental Efficiency Committee, which either hammers out or buries much of the Capitol's controversial legislation.

Lower in rank but still in strong positions are:

• Assemblyman **DON MULFORD**, Oakland Republican. Mulford is second in command to the lower house's Republican leadership. He is currently riding a wave of minority GOP power and is a strong Reagan ally.

• Sen. **JOHN McCARTHY**, San Rafael Republican. He is GOP leader in the Senate, a personable but not a powerful figure who nevertheless holds enough influence to rally moderate Republicans.

• Assemblyman **ROBERT CROWN**, Alameda Democrat. Crown heads the lower house's

DATELINE SACRAMENTO

budget committee, which gets first crack at Reagan's budget. The governor has already criticized Crown for "trickery" in raising the small appropriation for crippled children. How Crown performs in the battle of the budget will determine his future prestige among Republicans as well as Democrats. So far he's avoided name-calling and if he can maintain his dignity, he might succeed.

• Assembly Speaker pro tem **CARLOS BEE**, Hayward Democrat. Bee's power comes from his boss, Democratic Speaker Jesse M. Unruh. His power comes from his title and Unruh, the man behind it.

The area's legislative leaders and most prominent followers are Sacramento veterans. Most of the newly-elected member's haven't been heard from — with one chief exception. Democratic Sen. **GEORGE MOSCONE** of San Francisco introduced a bill to outlaw capital punishment. He admits he expects it to fail, but the intervening debate will give him a chance for legislative exposure.

The next rank—all veterans—includes some Republicans who've moved up since the November election and a few Democrats who've slipped a notch:

• Assemblyman **CARL BRITSCHGI**, Redwood City Republican. He is a member of the Assembly Rules Committee and, with Mulford, a strong Reagan man. Britschgi also joins Mulford as a foe of University of California independence.

• Assemblyman **WILLIAM BAGLEY** of San Rafael. His power as a Republican moderate hasn't been tested so far. But he's taken to talking more this year and the words aren't all pro-Reagan.

• Assemblyman **GEORGE MILIAS** of Los Gatos, at times aligned with Republican moderates. Milias this year introduced a bill which would carry out one of Reagan's major programs: higher education tuition.

• Sen. **NICHOLAS PETRIS**, Oakland Democrat. Petris is a former assemblyman who headed the lower house's Revenue and Taxation Committee last year, and pushed through tax assessment reform. He won chairmanship of the Senate Labor Committee but his promotion to the Senate was a demotion in power.

• Sen. **CLARK L. BRADLEY**, a conservative Republican from San Jose. He heads the Senate Local Government Committee and so far has proven Reagan's most persistent spokesman in the Senate.

• Assemblyman **JOHN T. KNOX** of Richmond. Knox, a Democrat, worked with Petris on assessment reform last year as head of the influential committee on county and municipal governments. He hasn't climbed to the top rank in the Assembly

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INSIDE

BRIEFS FROM HERE AND THERE

Why haven't the newspapers in San Mateo County done much deep-down-diving and mud-up-bringing in Foster City and Redwood Shores, two murky fill developments?

There are several reasons. The special assessment district projects turn on immensely complicated legal and financial footings and spokesmen for each project have never gone out of their way to make simple explanations or elaborate on the key principle: each depends on public subsidy through an assessment district.

The most important reason, however, is that both projects enjoy immense political power and influence in San Mateo County, largely because of the identity of interests, among promoters, businessmen and county officials, in mammoth filling projects from Hunters Point south to the Dumbarton bridge.

No better example can be found than the San Mateo Times (which rarely prints anything critical of Foster City or bay filling) and its publisher, J. Hart Clinton. He is a former president of the San Mateo County Development Association, long an advocate of filling, and a member of a San Francisco law firm that represents the Crocker interests and their proposed city-in-the-bay.

Although San Francisco and San Mateo County officials are at odds on most everything else, they are in league to promote the county's gargantuan filling prospectus. The reason: the bayward expansion of San Francisco International Airport (coming to another bond issue vote in November) is considered the lever to accelerating the county's bayfill program, make inevitable the controversial bayfront freeway and open up San Bruno Mountain for massive fill excavation.

What's going on at the DeYoung Museum?

Trustees, hoping new leadership would solve the Brundage crisis, recently elected a new president, Ransom Cook, executive director of the board of directors of the Wells Fargo bank.

He thought so little of his new post that he didn't deign to appear at the meeting; he spent the evening at his ranch in Sonoma. Cook, museum sources say, doesn't know what he's getting into and that he will be of little help in easing the tension between Brundage and the trustees.

Trustees seem much more concerned about their "image" than about doing anything about the sad financial and political state of the museum and Brundage's legitimate complaints. Discussion at the last meeting, for example, centered around the highly unflattering picture of the museum that emerged from Caspar Weinberger's panel discussion on Channel 9.

Weinberger invited the trustees to send a representative, but nobody showed up; Brundage's man, curator Rene-Evan d'Argence, wasn't about to state their case for them. Michael Weill, former trustee president, stalked from the board meeting in disgust.

Footnote: The press coverage has been as interesting as the affair itself. Frankenstein of The Chronicle and Rhodes of the Examiner both covered the meeting. Rhodes' detailed story was on page one; Frankenstein's read like a press release and was buried inside. Why the difference? Charles de Young Theriot, Chronicle publisher and grandson of the de Young in the museum name, is a trustee.

Dr. Arthur Coleman, Negro physician and former head of the board of the Economic Opportunity Council in San Francisco, is expected to challenge Mayor Shelley and Sen. McAteer in San Francisco's mayoralty race.

His strategy: to enter, direct campaign dialog toward the problems of minorities in San Francisco, then withdraw late in the race, his friends report. Coleman is said to feel that neither Shelley nor McAteer will discuss, if not pushed, the city's troublesome minority tensions.

Among other things, Coleman is reportedly worried about the coming of regional government to the Bay area and the strengthening of the Association of Bay Governments (ABAG) in legislation now before the Legislature in Sacramento. Minorities, he feels, would lose political power in any regional government just as they are beginning to wield it for the first time in the cities of San Francisco, Oakland, Richmond and Berkeley.

The minority issue in regional government will provoke interesting repercussions. Minorities will be pitted against some traditional allies—liberal conservationists; good government, SPUR and League of Women Voter sorts; and regionally minded liberals—and in camp with some traditional enemies—home rule and Proposition 14 conservatives, conservative business interests, parochial taxpayer groups.

Meanwhile, ABAG drifts between the devil of home rule forces who feel its strong government proposals are too strong and the deep blue sea of conservationists and political scientists who feel its proposed powers are pitifully weak. San Francisco has long paid lip service to the conception of regional government, but it is becoming more chary now that it sees its valuable watershed lands coming under the control, through ABAG, of long covetous San Mateo County and East Bay officials.

One thing is certain: San Francisco will not control, much less dominate, ABAG under the present proposal.

'Businessmen in Hong Kong don't look or plan beyond five years. If you build a hotel or business building, you've got to get your money out by then. It is almost like living during the last days of Pompeii'



The uneasy comfort within Red China's terrifying grasp

By Lester Velie

HONG KONG—I took a hydrofoil over to Macao the other day (95 minutes at 45 miles an hour). This is the Portugese colony that's been the Chinese refugee escape hatch until the Chinese Communists sent some gunboats down (actually, across a rather narrow bay) to make Macao seal off the escape route. We saw the gunboats — four of them chugging along in a line, as we pulled into Macao.

I DROVE out to about four points from which defectors had walked—or swum—over. Looking over one narrow estuary, no more than 50 feet across, I could see commune workers harvesting crops in a field. Nearby was a pillbox, and I found myself looking into the binoculars of several baggy pantsed, un-military looking People's Liberation Army soldiers who were studying us just as we were studying them.

(This is the second in a series of exclusive Guardian reports from Lester Velie, a roving editor of the Readers Digest, from key listening posts around mainland China. He is on special assignment to report on the revolutionary rumblings in Red China.)

At another place, some 200 feet from a bridge marking the border, I saw heavy British trucks coming in and out of Red China—apparently hauling sand for construction in Macao.

I had the feeling in the light of what's going on inside China and the troubles the Macaons themselves have had from the Chinese — that the 4,000-odd Portugese jobholders and 200,000 Chinese are living here on the edge of chaos. This impression was deepened by the presence inside Macao of a Communist middle school, patterned exactly after the ones across the border and even teaching the same curriculum.

Big character slogans in red were painted all over the place—the same I suppose as the ones in Red China. The translations: "Mao Tse-tung is the reddest, reddest, sun in the hearts of the revolutionary people of the world." In free Macao!

WHY DON'T the Chinese take Macao? And why doesn't Portugal give up the silly place — there's no money in it for them except, possibly, the earnings of one casino. To give Macao up, Portugal would be inviting trouble from its money-producing African colonies. The Chinese don't take it for fear of scaring the daylights out of Hong Kong, also living on the edge of chaos, and drying up foreign investment in Hong Kong and ruining it as a source of valuable foreign exchange for the Chinese.

Communist China is quite a presence here in Hong Kong. As I write this piece on the 17th floor of the Mandarin Hotel, I'm looking out at the Bank of China — (Red China) which lends money to English business firms here and finances building construction with mortgage money.



Guardian sketch by Gardiner©

AT LEAST four big Red Chinese department stores here do the biggest business in town. A visit to one is fascinating: bicycles — excellent copies of solid English bikes — for $18 (American); radios, guitars — quite good, a musician told me — electric fans at giveaway prices. From these sales, the sale of virtually all the food that Hong Kong eats, banking profits and investments in many commercial firms here, the Chinese last year earned about $500,000,000 of valuable foreign exchange. A good reason for not taking over Hong Kong.

BUT HOW long will China keep hands off? The head of the biggest trading company here, Jardine's, told us over a drink this evening that businessmen in Hong Kong don't look or plan beyond five years. If you build a hotel or business building, you've got to get your money out in that short length of time. It is almost like living during the last day of Pompeii; at almost every dinner, someone will report that he's heard the Chinese have just taken a 10-year-lease on a store—a sign they'll keep hands off for a while.

Or someone else will point out that the Bank of China is making mortgage loans — another sign, etc. Nevertheless, life goes on quite comfortably. New skyscraper apartment houses on the hillsides, new business buildings, new hotels like the one I'm in—all have blossomed within recent years.

I AM now writing the story of a Red Guard refugee I interviewed in Taipei. The picture I pieced together from the kid, with the help of interpreters, is hard for a western mind to grasp. China today is Orwell's 1984 — complete with doublethink and newspeak. Remember Orwell's "Ignorance is Strength" and "War is Peace?" Listen to this Red Guard song as the defector relayed it to me:

All incorrect ideas, poisonous weeds, monsters and freaks
Should be criticized;
They can never be allowed to spread freely.
They can never be allowed to spread freely.

This is an accurate English translation as checked out with China Watchers at the American consulate here.

Storms on Foster inlets

Continued from Page 2—

part of the multi-million-dollar title swap, between the state and Leslie, which The Guardian halted by publishing a series of stories, maps and editorials showing the swap amounted to a giveaway of state-owned sloughs to facilitate Leslie's fill developments.

A map of the proposed swap, drafted by Leslie, shows the Foster-filled slough as being a "non-navigable" slough going from the state to Leslie. The point: the state thus still has good claim to this slough; what claim Leslie/Foster has is based on the fact that Foster made the slough non-navigable by filling.

It all made sense in my dream . . .

By Jess Brownell

Looking back, I can see that it was probably no more ridiculous a fortnight than the average, and there's really no reasonable explanation for what happened to me. I suppose I was just paying more attention to the news than usual, and that's always dangerous for a sensitive individual.

It began with the announcement that the CIA had been financing the National Student Association. That wasn't so bad, bringing as it did both a sense of relief that at last one knew what the CIA did, and the irresistible image of a trench-coated operative stuffing money into the pockets of a bewildered but grateful fraternity man. I was still all right.

Then came the news that the Viet Cong had released a number of prisoners who had apparently been well treated during captivity. It was reported that American officials were deeply concerned about this violation of the rules of civilized warfare. The Viet Cong were supposed to starve and beat their prisoners, and when they did not, we could only assume that the prisoners either had been communists in the first place or were now. It seemed that the Geneva Convention had failed once again in the face of the incredible deviousness of the enemy. (Whether or not the prisoners were returned to the Viet Cong for further treatment was not revealed.)

And then there came to our town a traveling exhibition of fifty portraits which over the years had been painted for the cover of Time Magazine. Along with the exhibition came as a sort of added attraction an Assistant to the Publisher. The Assistant appeared on television and was questioned by a local interviewer. He was asked why the publication so frequently used paintings for its covers. "Well," he replied easily, "back at the beginning of Time (and here there jumped foolishly into my mind a picture of primitive man daubing at the walls of his cave) . . . in 1923 . . .

Something broke in me then, and I dreamed this dream:

The scene is the campus of a large American State University. On a grassy mall some 50 painters (an art form involving the brushing of paint on canvas which was invented by Henry Luce in the early 1920's) have set up their easels and are preparing to do portraits of a like number of prominent men and women. Among the sitters are to be seen President Johnson, looking suspiciously well-fed, and a reasuringly scrawny Robert Kennedy.

There are a great many generals present, and in their anxiety to get to the best artists they have elbowed aside several Corporation Presidents. These tycoons are plainly discomfited, but are trying to put a good face on it, and can be heard mumbling such things as, "Well, when the country's in danger . . .," and "I suppose we must support . . .," and "After all, it's not exactly bad for . . ."

NEAR the outside of the circle a novelist and a playwright are seated, waiting. On their heavy faces is visible the certain knowledge that after today they will never again write a decent line. Aside from the Generals, and Robert Kennedy, only the Actor and the Soprano seem genuinely pleased at what's going on.

Into this picture there now wanders a neat, rather vague-looking young man. He has removed his trench-coat because of the heat, and has it draped over his shoulder, but even so he does not look at all like Frank Sinatra. Under his arm he carries a bulky package, and he appears to be looking for somebody in charge. (In fact, he appears to have been

—Continued on Page 13

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HOMEOWNERS REBEL!

And placid Palo Alto may never be the same again

By our correspondent

PALO ALTO—A caustic observer here once referred to this lower Peninsula community of well-to-do burghers, tree-lined streets, trim homes and lush parks as "Gentle Palo Alto."

It ain't so gentle anymore.

Something resembling class warfare is brewing here, with homeowners pitted against the town's entrenched power elite in a struggle for control of the city government.

WATCHING warily from a none-too-safe distance as the frothy concoction boils and bubbles is Stanford University, which has a lot riding on the outcome.

Stanford is the biggest landowner in these parts. The acres of gently rolling hills it owns south of the campus proper are dotted with blue-chip electronic plants in a park-like setting.

They are the envy of every community in California, and Stanford, which collects heavy rents from these firms, would like more.

Homeowners don't. They've had enough. Industrialization and commercialization of this once small, university town have created too many problems already, they feel.

Every time a new factory, a new high-rise office building or a new department store goes up, homeowners see a new threat to the neatly groomed residential oasis that attracted them to Palo Alto.

ALONG with this "progress," they protest, comes the monster automobile, clogging local streets and belching smog into the polluted air, and pressure for unwanted expressways and freeways.

Rebelling homeowners have been growing in strength in recent years, and their leaders were confident 1967 would be the year they wrested control of the city council from the establishment.

The establishment—the usual chamber of commerce and local service club types—saw the reins of power slipping from their hands and came to the same conclusion.

Something had to be done, and fast, they figured. They hit upon a unique solution—recall the city council and start over from scratch with a well-financed campaign.

Homeowners cried "foul," but a special recall committee managed to collect the necessary number of signatures on recall petitions with relative ease.

THE MAY 9 council election will be the showdown.

To understand the jumbled political picture here, it is first necessary to know that a voter-approved program is under way to reduce the council's size from 15 to 9 members. The staggered plan won't be completed until 1971.

The program started in 1965, when the council size was shaved to 13 members—a very unlucky number, according to some observers.

FOR THE past two years, a bare majority of seven members, representing the establishment, have been battling with the minority of six, representing the homeowners.

"Battling" is not an exaggeration, as two opposing members nearly came to blows last month with brave challenges to "let's step outside and settle this." They had to be physically restrained by colleagues.

The 7-6 split has occurred in voting on nearly every major issue to come before the council. Neutrals have complained city business is grinding to a halt, the city staff is demoralized and the city's fair name is a laughing stock in neighboring communities.

The recall is aimed at only eight of the 13 councilmen because the terms of the other five expire this year anyway.

Of the five, only three could possibly be re-elected because of the reduction program that automatically eliminates two seats.

FOUR of the five are establishment candidates, and only one a residential candidate. So the problem to the establishment was clear: the one residential candidate, Robert Debs, was a cinch to be re-elected.

That would give the residents six members—a majority—on the new 11 member council, at least.

The establishment began yelping about discord on the council, finally claiming the only way to settle the problem was to put every council seat on the May ballot.

Of the eight to be recalled, five are residential and three are establishment members.

Naturally, the establishment is out to retain a majority on the council and continue past policies, which it claims have built a balanced community: industry, commerce and residences.

THE homeowners are equally determined to win a majority of seats, so they can maintain Palo Alto's predominantly residential character, concentrate on park development, preserve the city's Bay shoreline and its as yet undeveloped foothills.

Obviously, those who call themselves homeowners aren't the only ones to own homes. The establishment people own homes, too.

The average breadwinner in this town earns more than $10,000 a year. There is an abundance of highly talented professional people and brain-power on both sides of the fence.

THOSE emotionally caught up in the fray are quite suspicious of one another. The homeowner's group really believes the establishment wants to pave over the city, while the establishment thinks the homeowners are out to destroy past progress.

On the sidelines are many citizens simply fed up with all the bickering and eager to elect a new council.

"We are trying to give voters the opportunity to elect a clean slate," said attorney William Love, head of the recall group.

"It is in truth a dirty business," replied Richard Stock, president of the United Palo Altans homeowners' group.

Candidates are beginning to file now for the May election. When the dust has settled, the winners may be the real losers. Placid Palo Alto may never be the same. Meanwhile, Stanford keeps its fingers crossed.

Will Reagan's attack boomerang?

Federal interference threatened

By our correspondent

Gov. Reagan's determined attack on California higher education is likely to boomerang.

A foe of all things federal, the actor - conservative - Republican - presidential hopeful (not necessarily in that order) may speed the day when Washington provides money for university and college operating expenses. The government now spends millions on special programs and grants, but nothing toward operating expenses.

Already there are rumbles that this major change in federal policy is necessary.

THE prestigious American Council on Education, principal coordinating agency for American higher education, recently stated that unless additional financial resources are forthcoming "the quality of higher education in this country cannot be improved; in fact, it cannot be sustained."

On the point of raising money by raising tuition, it added:

"One might argue that the consumer — the student — should pay more of the cost. But historically this has not been the policy followed by institutions, and it can be argued that if it had been, only the affluent would have had access to higher education. It can also be argued that cost of instruction should determine the level of institutional fees, with the government's role limited to providing financial aid for students unable to meet the cost.

"Because of the enormous expense of administering massive student aid programs, such an approach is probably the most expensive way of meeting the problem. Rather, the government should seek ways to reduce the necessity of charging ever higher student fees."

The council represents 1500 colleges, universities and educational organizations, but it isn't getting through to the governor.

He has delivered ultimatums for tuition and cuts in the university and state college budgets that could do irreparable damage to these institutions.

Such damage is difficult to assess. Top professors, particularly at the university, probably will not leave.

But the bright young comers, leaders of the future, will go elsewhere. So will the brilliant graduate students who come for schooling, then decide to settle in California. They can choose between the Harvards, M.I.T.'s, Yales and Berkeleys. Already there is evidence that Berkeley no longer is the dazzling attraction it once was. These chickens will be hatching in a decade or two.

ALTHOUGH his finance director, Gordon P. Smith, has publicly stated, "the economic, social and cultural success of this state can largely be measured in terms of our educational enterprises," Reagan appears incapable of comprehending this crucial point.

But if he doesn't—or won't—other governors certainly do.

In New York, Nelson Rockefeller, a liberal Republican, has asked the Legislature for $54.7 million more than higher education spent this year. In contrast, Reagan proposed operating expenditures $64.9 million under the current year and $140 million less than requested for next year by the governing boards of the university and state colleges.

In Michigan, George Romney, a moderate Republican, wants an $11.1 million increase over the current year, while in Texas, John Connally, a conservative Democrat, has requested an increase of $45.8 million for operating the university, senior and junior colleges and special institutes and centers.

IN Minnesota, Gov. Harold Levander, a conservative Republican, wants $56.4 million more for higher education, a million more than sought by conservative Wisconsin Republican Warren Knowles.

Knowles included a 7 per cent faculty pay increase in his budget. Reagan has proposed no increase for US or state college faculty members, aside from the 5 per cent pay increase promised by the Legislature last year to state colleges.

In Oregon, with economic problems aplenty, the Republican governor asked for $26.2 million more than the universities and state colleges spent this year, while, in Washington, the governor's request to the Legislature for higher education was up $49.1 million.

IT WOULD be difficult to argue that these states are rolling

—Continued on Page 7

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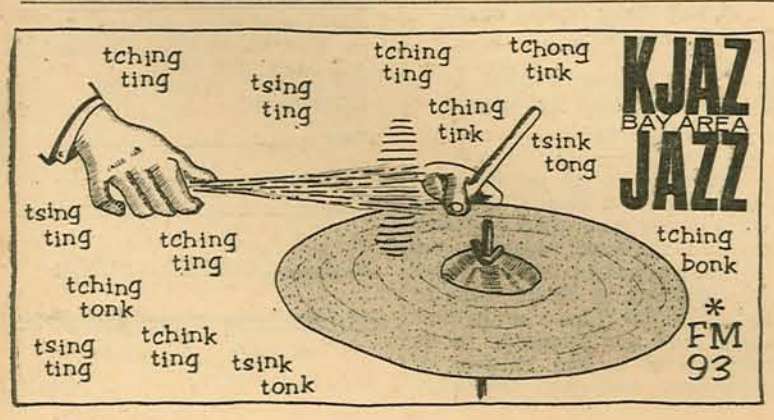
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The Photograph



"Piers, Sea and Time" by Wynn Bullock

Sea mist shrouding pilings . . . Carmel photographer Wynn Bullock captures—here by making several exposures over a period of time—the silent, inexorable encroachment by the sea upon man's crumbling works. Bullock frequently turns to the dramatic sea coast of the Monterey peninsula to depict a sense of timelessness and man's struggle with nature.

—PHIL PALMER

It started with the Greeks

By H. Dan O'Neill

(O'Neill is the creator of The Chronicle's "Odd Bodkins" comic strip.)

Once some Greeks decided to enforce a philosophy called "Excessive Individualism" . . . and since there were enough of them to get away with it, Excessive Individualism was dumped on the heads of all Greeks in their states.

One dissenter, who traveled about the country under the name of Socrates, had a large wagon with a banner that said "Socrates Philosopher and Patent Medicine." He sat on the



wagon under the banner . . . well, this Socrates didn't like this Excessive Individualism one bit.

But when he objected, he was invited out for a drink . . . of hemlock poison. Not long after, the Greek city states collapsed individually because they couldn't exist collectively.

About 1300, some Italian merchants, decided to have a Renaissance because that was a good fancy label to tell your friends what it was you were having and why you had a lot of artists and naked statues around the house.

This Renaissance contained most of the Excessive Individualism and many of the naked statues of early Greeks. This did not help Italian merchants very much. They were so busy arguing politics and nakedness that, when they finally noticed Portugal had discovered the trade routes to the East, they went bankrupt.



The next stop for Excessive Individualism was Britain. Soon every clown with a tent and a mailbox was saying, "A man's home is his castle. . . ."

Britain's colonies enjoyed the idea because it was a good excuse for not paying taxes; they booted Mother England out and now no one writes to her in her old age.



From England, Excessive Individualism passed to the American South where it became known as "states rights" and started a civil war that never ended. From the South it moved west to California and put an actor in Sacramento as governor. This governor is often charged with thinking 12th century thoughts. But this simply isn't true. His thinking goes back much farther than that.

Reagan's boomerang

Continued from Page 6—

in green while California is starving. The record is quite clear. California's economy alone now exceeds all but five of the world's nations in gross productivity. The state's estimated gross product of $80 billion in 1965 was greater than all nations except the U. S., Russia, Great Britain ($99 billion), France ($89 billion) and West Germany ($85 billion). Obviously, California is not wanting.

As for the tax burden, Californians pay only ½ of 1 per cent of annual personal income to support higher education, a percentage below 30 other states.

BUT THESE are statistics for the defense. Reagan clearly is on the offensive. He adopts a crusader's zeal, a beat-down-the-door posture in this fight that he has directed to UC and not, it should be pointedly noted, to state colleges.

SUSPICION grows that he feels he has a ready-made national platform in Cal, with its spectacularly publicized troubles, and magic word, "tuition." The news weeklies, national television, eastern newspapers are giving much space to Reagan and his U. C. struggle. He's got his national forum. He remains ever in the public eye.

REAGAN insists he has the public with him in this attack on higher education. He could be right.

But the same citizens supporting a cutback will be sending their kids on to college. And, like all other forms of government neglected by the states, the feds eventually will move in to take up the slack.

So, a Reagan victory could also mean more federal money—and the threat of more federal influence—in the state university.

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Didn't you know? We're all filling the bay

It must be one of the West's great ironies. San Francisco Bay, our most valuable public resource, will shrink further under the massive thrust of development made possible in large part by public subsidy.

A quiet alliance of bond counsel, promoters and public officials have already put together two bayside projects—Foster City and Redwood Shores in San Mateo County—that artfully pervert the use of special districts and municipal financing to the capital needs of developers. Others, notably the Rockefellers'/Crocker city-in-the bay, are coming.

This special district approach, as detailed in our page 1 story, gives the developer two crucial subsidies: (1) to issue tax exempt municipal bonds and thereby raise huge amounts of independent venture capital; (2) to define reclamation of marginal land as a municipal service so that filling, an otherwise prohibitive cost, can be covered by public financing.

Aside from the question of using public credit to accelerate bayfill policies, this method bristles with danger.

The use of a public agency (in Redwood City, seven council members sit as district directors for Redwood Shores) to perform an essentially private and proprietary function provides no guarantee that any lasting public interest is served. Subsequent landowners, as Walter S. Cooper's Foster City suit demonstrates, have little voice in district policy and the district will have incurred its major indebtedness and concluded its principal activities prior to their residence.

Yet it is these homeowners, not the original developer, who become responsible for repayment of district indebtedness. More: if the project doesn't rise to the developers' expectations, homeowners will be confronted with soaring debt ratios and excessive tax rates.

From a community point of view, this method has a twin-edged danger: it encourages marginal and speculative projects (which, admittedly, developers find too risky to finance on their own) and accelerates urban sprawl at bayside. Higher priced land, more immediately in the path of urban growth, is leapfrogged for marginal slough and baylands which can be developed with less capital because of the public subsidy. To use municipal bonds to finance risky ventures also endangers the state's municipal bond market and low interest rates for capital for public necessities.

In sum: it is one thing to fill the baylands, but it is another to do it as a matter of public finance and municipal policy.

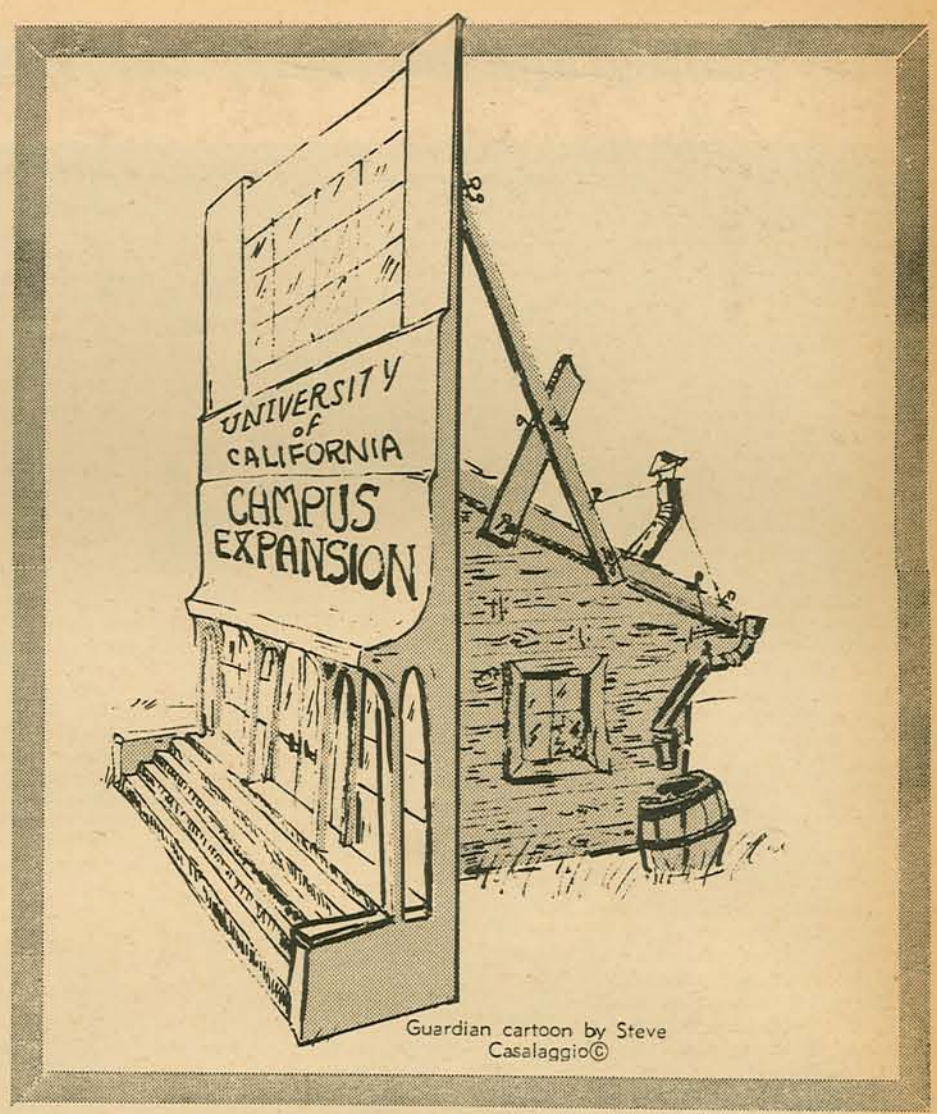
Public vs. private financing

The juxtaposition of the private development-by-public-subsidy coverage and Gov. Reagan's budget-whacking at UC is illuminating.

Few, a housewife here and a conservationist there, have much protested the proliferation of California developments that are subsidized by public financing amounting to millions of dollars in tax exempt bonds.

It is obvious, however, that Reagan has gained much public support in his fight to impose tuition on California students and put the axe to the university's budget. The two things are widely different, but they do put in bold relief the disparity in the public attitude toward the deployment of capital for public and private purposes.

Public subsidy of private development leaves a dubious legacy of problems, but the public subsidy of higher education is, not a gift of tuition to students only, but an investment that pays handsome dividends.



Guardian cartoon by Steve Casalaggio©

To take finances only, consider the GI Bill of Rights. The federal government has received back in taxes, based on higher earnings, much more than it ever invested and is now getting huge profits of more than $5 billion a year. The Bureau of Standards estimates that a college-educated person will earn $180,000 more than he otherwise could in his lifetime.

In California, more than in any other state, we can see what low cost higher education can do in developing a tax base and providing intellectual skills for the business and artistic worlds. We ought to lower, not raise fees, then eliminate them altogether.

In 1574, the people of Leyden, Holland, successfully and courageously stood off a siege from Spanish invaders. As a reward, William Prince of Orange, offered the citizenry a choice: either perpetual freedom from taxation or construction of a great university.

The people made their choice. They accepted taxation and a great university.

What do you suppose the people of California would choose?

Reagan vs. redwoods

As The Washington Post first remarked, there is indeed something "ominous" in Gov. Reagan's request for a reasonable delay in congressional action on a Redwood National Park in Northern California. To reaply Stevenson's summing up of Nixon: "Reagan is the kind of man who would chop down a tree, then stand on the stump and lecture on conservation."

To the editor . . . Dear Sirs . . . To the editor . . . Dear Sirs . . . To the editor . . . Dear Sirs . . . Dear Sirs . . . To the editor . . . Dear Sirs . . .

To the editor,

Note to Okie O'Neill: We (and I wouldn't have room to print all the names) hope that the Handsome Sheriff sticks to his guns. It will take guts, but we think he can muster them.

Furthermore — how does this creator of characters tolerate tuition down at Norman?

Dorothy Johnson
Fremont, Nebraska

To the editors:

Man. you are really moving—living and breathing. You have got something—hang on to it and hang fast. It will be tough, but as professionals, I assume you have no illusions as to the task ahead.

My comments:

Conservation stories — excellent, quite technical, but interesting and the stuff which makes a publication like yours really worthwhile.

Reviews: Fair, writing rather dull and pedantic — need more life and authority, although I don't doubt the reviewers' knowledge.

Photos: generally excellent and their layout pretty good. Layout in general: very good — I disagree with a particular page now and then (I did this sort of thing on the Daily Cal years ago and on several weeklies in upstate New York, so I know the problems), but it is vastly superior to anything I've seen around and is really exciting for me to watch.

Politics: I don't happen to agree, so I'll skip this; **Art Work:** (& direction) — Top Notch — Really gives the paper class (the right sort) and for my money goes a long way toward making it worth 25 cents. This, plus the interesting layout, makes a forceful paper.

News Stories: Good and getting better — I've read much here that I haven't read elsewhere. Hiram Johnson letters the best yet.

Marvin McGaffey
San Francisco

To the editor:

The B.G. has an excellent position to serve as the forum for the reconstruction of Democratic political philosophy and organization hereabouts, it seems to me.

Someone has to do it. Liberal labor (such as it is) rights, peace, conservation, appear to be the configuration of the Demo. party to come.

Please enter my subscription for one year.

Perry Broz
San Bruno

To the editor:

Ever since the Chronicle and the Brand X paper effectively merged, the competition between newspapers has been totally nonexistent and the only news that we read was not necessarily "all the news fit to print," but only that news in the opinion of a limited number of persons was of of importance to the populace:

Naturally, of course, the editorial policies of the Bay Guardian at times delight me and at times gall me, but this is really the way it should be with a newspaper. I have always felt that a newspaper should not bend to the whim or will of the populace, but rather should present honestly the news, together with such editorial comment as it feels is appropriate and let the public make up its own mind.

I recall very recently Justice Mosk of our California Supreme Court stated (and I cannot quote it exactly) with reference to the no vote received by the Justice who sought approval of the people at the most recent general election, that when the day comes that justice must bend to the will of the people, even to the will of the majority, then our days of a free judiciary will have passed. The same may be said of journalism.

A journalist has a duty to be honest and present all of the facts in his news articles, and to be equally honest and present his opinions in his editorial columns. Your fortnightly publication seems to be doing this and I compliment you for it.

I am pleased to enclose herewith my check for a subscription and look forward to reading the Guardian fortnightly (or even every other week, if that is possible!)

Sidney L. Berlin
Redwood City attorney

The Bay Guardian

"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell."
(Wilbur F. Storey: Statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861.)

* * *

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The Nightmare World of MARK TWAIN

'A man can never really know whether he isn't sitting in a madhouse'

By Henry Nash Smith

By Roger B. Henkle

BETWEEN 1896 and 1905, Mark Twain, groping frantically for a literary framework in which to express his deepening pessimism about mankind, produced some of the most bizarre and haunting work of his career.

IN SURREALISTIC settings, enchanted ships, their compasses madly spinning, lay on Sargasso seas; satanic figures mocked the futility of man's existence, and reality and dream were grotesquely fused.

YET Twain's irrestible urge to burlesque never died.

DESPITE his feverishly prodigious labor of this period, most of his books were never completed and these fragments, the jagged but often valuable shards of a troubled writer's literary output, are being published this month by the University of California Press, under the title "Which Was the Dream?"

IN ADDITION, the UC Press will issue a volume of unpublished Twain "Satires and Burlesques" and his often acerbic "Letters to His Publishers, 1867-1894" ($10.00 per volume).

HENRY Nash Smith, professor of English at California and author of "Mark Twain: The Development of a Writer," recounts for The Guardian the history of this major publishing venture, and Roger B. Henkle, Guardian managing editor, excerpts selections from "Which Was the Dream?"

For many years, readers of books and articles about Mark Twain have been accustomed to see references to the Mark Twain Papers, housed in the University of California Library at Berkeley. Brief quotations from manuscripts in this archive have revealed that it contains not only factual material but also substantial pieces of fiction, essays, autobiographical anecdotes, letters and comments on current events not included in the writter's published work.

Additional curiosity about the contents of the papers was aroused five years ago by the publication of "Letters from the Earth," a volume of unfinished stories and essays, ranging in tone from youthful gaiety to bleak despair, that were found in Twain's files after his death in 1910.

PUBLIC interest in Twain has in fact become so great that the University of California Press has secured authorization from the Mark Twain Estate to bring out his still unpublished writings. The "Mark Twain Papers" will eventually run to 15 or more volumes.

The first three volumes, to be published in March, are: "Satires and Burlesques," edited by Franklin Rogers of San Jose State College; "Mark Twain's Letters to his Publishers, 1867-1894," edited by Hamlin Hill of the University of New Mexico, and "Which Was the Dream? and Other Symbolic Writings of the Later Years," edited by John Tuckey of Purdue.

Other volumes scheduled for publication over the next four or five years will include three versions of "The Mysterious Stranger" (all incomplete, and all differing from the partially spurious text published in 1916), to be edited by William Gibson of New York University; "Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer Documents," edited by Walter Blair of the University of Chicago; "Miscellaneous Essays and Fiction," edited by Richard

—Continued on Page 12

Mark Twain's pessimism, present in even his most humorous works, grew stronger after the death of his daughter Susy in 1896 and the failure of the Paige typesetter which he backed. These reverses, after years of celebrity and good fortune, joined to his fatalistic philosophy, prompted a frenetic literary output. Twain began and discarded countless manuscripts, returning and reworking again and again ideas that he could never satisfactorily express. The recurring motifs of this period were sailors or ships lost on a bleak waste and immobile in death—like enchantment, as in this sketch, "The Enchanted Sea-Wilderness:

"The stillness was horrible; and the absence of life. There was not a bird or a creature of any kind in sight, the slick surface of the water was never broken by a fin, never a breath of wind fanned the dead air, and there was not a sound of any kind, even the faintest — the silence of death was everywhere. We showed no life ourselves, but sat apart, each by himself, and brooded and brooded, and scarcely ever moved. In that profound inertness, that universal paralysis of life and energy, as far as sentient being went, there was one thing that was brimming with it, booming with it, crazy with it; and that was the compass. It whirled and whizzed this way and that, and never rested—never for a moment. It acted like a frightened thing, a thing in frantic fear for its life. And so we got afraid of it, and could not bear to look at its distress and its helpless struggles; for we came to believe that it had a soul and that it was in hell."

The nightmarish quality of the "Enchanted Sea-Wilderness" reflected Twain's preoccupation with dream. His personal tragedies—Susy's death, especially — had an unreal aspect, and Twain was becoming more and more fascinated with the possibility of a book in which dream and reality are confused.

"A man," he said, "can really never know whether he isn't sitting in a madhouse." Bernard DeVoto, second literary executor of Twain's estate, observed that during this period Twain repeatedly exploited the possibility of a successful man living, in a brief dream, a lifetime of catastrophe and failure—putting into fictional context, perhaps, Twain's sense of his own "blighted" career.

Hence, in the fragment "The Great Dark", Mr. Edwards falls asleep over his microscope and dreams he and his family are in a mysterious ship in a drop of water that is itself under a microscope. They pass from the Great Dark at the edge of the drop to the bleak horror of the Great White Glare, the reflected light beam cast by the microscope on the drop. DeVoto and others have argued that such bizarre situations are not only "sublimations" of Twain's own feelings but also are representative for Twain of the insignificance of man and his universe—microscopic creatures to an indifferent God.

"The Great Dark" also introduces a mocking, and at times, malevolent supernatural being, the Superintendent of Dreams, who, DeVoto believes, became the prototype of Twain's character of Satan. In the following



excerpt, in which literary use of seadog slang is burlesqued, the Superintendent of Dreams is a disturbing but still whimsical figure:

"I poured a steaming cup of coffee and handed it to Turner and told him to sit where he pleased and make himself comfortable and at home; and before I could interfere he had sat down in the Superintendent of Dreams' lap!—no, sat down through him. It cost me a gasp, but only that, nothing more. (The) Superintendent of Dreams' head was larger than Turner's, and surrounded it, and was a transparent spirit-head fronted with a transparent spirit-face; and this latter smiled at me as much as to say give myself no uneasiness, it is all right. Turner was smiling comfort and contentment at me at the same time, and the double result was very curious, but I could tell the smiles apart without trouble. The Superintendent of Dreams' body enclosed Turner's, but I could see Turner through it, just as one sees objects through thin smoke. It was interesting and pretty. Turner tasted his coffee and set the cup down in front of him . . . He took up his cup, glanced into it, and it was curious to observe the two faces that were framed in the front of his head. Turner's was long and distressed; the Superintendent of Dreams' was wide, and broken out of all shape with a convulsion of silent laughter. After a little, Turner said in a troubled way—

"'I'm dumm'd if I recollect drinking that.'

"I didn't say anything, though I knew he must be expecting me to say something. He continued to gaze into the cup a while, then looked up wistfully and said—

"'Of course I must have drunk it, but I'm blest if I can recollect whether I did or not. Lemme see. First you poured it out, then I set down and put it before me here; next I took a sup and said it was good, and set it down and begun about old Cap'n Jimmy—and then—and then—' He was silent a moment, then said, 'It's as far as I can get. It beats me. I reckon that after that I was so kind of full of my story that I didn't notice whether I—.' He stopped again, and there was something almost pathetic about the appealing way in which he added, 'But I did drink it, didn't I? You see me do it — didn't you'?"

"The Great Dark" also featured a beaked, squidlike monster:

"I sprang out and started to run aft through the gloom, and then I saw the fearful sight which I had seen twelve years before when that boy had had his shocking misadventure. For the moment I turned the corner of the deck-house and had an unobstructed view astern, there it was — apparently two full moons rising close over the stern of the ship and lighting the decks and rigging with a sickly yellow glow —the eyes of the colossal squid. His vast beak and head were plain to be seen, swelling up like a hill above our stern; he had flung one tentacle forward and gripped it around the peak of the main-mast and was pulling the ship over; he had gripped the mizzen-mast with another, and a couple more were writhing about dimly away above our heads searching for something to take hold of. The stench of his breath was suffocating everybody."

The theme of man as only an infinitesimal organism, and Twain's lifelong love of burlesque and satire, merge in another uncompleted piece, "Three Thousand Years Among the Mi-

—Continued on Page 12

Announcing

The Mark Twain Papers

The University of California Press plans to publish about 14 volumes of Mark Twain's work consisting chiefly of previously unpublished material but also including work published in inadequate, often inaccurate, versions.

Much manuscript material—incomplete literary mss., notebooks, correspondence—unpublished since Twain's death in 1910, was bequeathed by Clara Clemens Samossoud to the University of California at Berkeley. The University of California Press has begun a systematic program toward producing them in a uniform edition —**The Mark Twain Papers.**



Culver Pictures, Inc.

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And Other Symbolic Writings of the Later Years

Edited by **John S. Tuckey.** This group of unfinished narratives offers substantial evidence of Twain's final efforts to create serious stories based on themes which had emerged from years of observation and thought.

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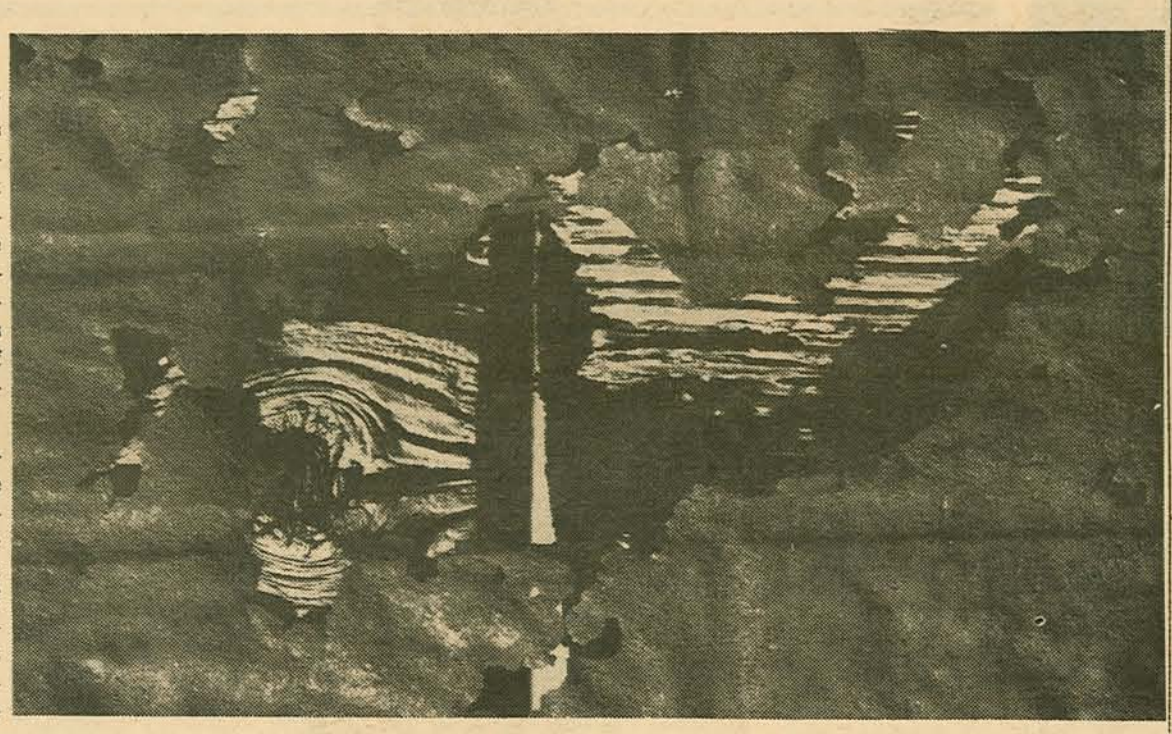
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Prather: a late West Coast School entry

By Phil Palmer

The photographs of Gary Prather, now at San Francisco's de Young Museum, show the influence and vitality of the West Coast School of photography — the technical polish and the formal beauty of the Ansel Adams and Edward Weston compositions. Prather's prints show his concern for precise rendering of detail, textures, values and substance.

Most of the pictures seem familiar. There are the inevitable compositions of California granite, a subject which evoked some of Edward Weston's greatest pictures. There is also a panel of Aaron Siskind - like "abstractions." In fact, by the time this appears in print, the San Francisco Museum of Art will be showing a very large retrospective of Siskind's work.



"Untitled" by Gary Prather

PRATHER, 27, has learned his lessons well. His print quality is of a high order. There is a haunting photograph of a glistening sheet metal barn roof set against a somber landscape. Another shot shows a California hillside on which grow several trees leaning sharply from the prevailing winds.

Prather often demonstrates a sensitive awareness to light and what light does to objects. He responds to areas of subtle greys and the play of light on metal and grass.

One may be puzzled by the technically careless snapshot of an old outhouse. Perhaps this is the photographer's humor at work. Wynn Bullock might have placed a nude in the window.

THE LOCAL school of young photographers concerned with "psychological" values might have had someone sitting on the throne. But it appears that Prather simply snapped his version of the structure as he was strolling by.

We will hear more from this young photographer. Prather now needs to escape his influences and probe more deeply into his own world. The photographs remain at the de Young through March 12.

HAIKU

I grab the sunball:
I, sunflower, with no roots
My body the stem.

You, boy on a slope
Arms out near the sky to fly . . .
Are a stalk with leaves.

—Barbara Korpan

Barbara Korpan is associate professor of comparative literature at the University of California at Berkeley.

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THE WORLD OF DRUGS

Continued from Page 3—

same night), and that's how come I can never let myself go up there.

"They scared me . . . I couldn't trust anybody. See, them people are like little kids, going through the rowdy stage we'd been through in junior high school. They have no class about it."

In the mellow crowd, says the report, youngsters are amazingly sophisticated and casual, similar to adults at a cocktail party among very close friends.

Discussion ranges from sex to politics and society. At larger parties, youngsters will get loaded, first in a car or at a friend's house.

AFTER THEY smoke a few joints, they attend the party, initially sizing up the situation to see if there will be trouble. If things look mellow, they will fall into the groove and have a good time.

Besides parties, dances held by different clubs and large wedding celebrations are the most enjoyable settings for a mellow person to get high.

A mellow dude will calmly enjoy himself in an attempt to "rap" to a particular girl. If trouble arises, he splits the scene" to avoid hassles or the possibility of arrest.

Marijuana is used like alcohol, say researchers, to break down social inhibitions, particularly with members of the opposite sex.

THESE similarities and contrasts with conventional standards of behavior and beliefs is one of the most novel aspects of the UC report.

Marijuana is used, reports the UC task force, as a means of breaking through timidity, of making introductions and of allaying feelings of awkwardness and shyness.

"It is frequently used as an aphrodisiac, to stimulate one's own desires or to arouse sexual desires in the other. It is employed to intensify the pleasures of sexual intercourse."

The mellow dude places great value on the enjoyment and appreciation of proper music.

"During many social gatherings, while getting loaded, he and different friends will bring out a few 'sides,' and 'just sit back and dig the music.'

"It is generally agreed that 'you're not really IN the music, 'alongside of it,' unless you are 'high.'"

". . . It (music) just goes straight to your head. It doesn't bounce when you're not high. You can listen to all the instruments, you know, just put your ears directly to the mood and the drummer over there . . . 'Cause when you're sober, you don't even think about them things, most of the records sound alike. . . ."

The favored type of music is "Rhythm and Blues" ("Soul Food"), progressive jazz, certain types of Latin music and, less frequently, folk-rock. The portable radio is standard equipment.

Mellow youngsters, says the report, "have considerable mobility throughout different high schools and are able to establish friendships with youth in different adolescent social classes."

Upper strata youth who will be accepted among the mellow crowd in the lower strata are known as "hip frats." The non-drug-using upper strata youth are known as "lame frats" or "poop butts."

Being cool and knowing what's happening on the drug scene become major channels by which lower strata youth are accepted by upper strata youngsters.

The report suggests that, because mellow youngsters are not troublemakers, shun rowdiness and use drugs mainly for social purposes, the prospects of their adjustment to conventional society is promising—if they avoid arrest and incarceration.

The Player

The player engages in drug traffic to make money. When he begins using drugs, instead of becoming mellow he will be on the lookout for opportunities to exploit their use.

The player is the major supplier of drugs to adolescents, says the report.

"FEW ADULTS participate directly . . . certain youngsters are selected out as middle-men to mediate the flow of drugs from older adult dealers to various adolescent consumers."

The players, by responding to a desire to get ahead, may begin to engage in the traffic of stolen goods, get involved initially in small-time gambling, begin pimping with girls or start any one of a number of hustles.

A player, therefore, is in the initial stage of moving into a regular kind of illicit racket which may become a source of livelihood.

He is, so to speak, a novice beginning an apprenticeship that may evolve into a professional dealer and hustler.

THERE ARE two types of "playing"—hard and easy. Hard playing refers to the more violent, more dangerous and more physical forms of illegal activity taking place in the market—burglary, armed robbery, extortion, serving as a bodyguard or inflicting physical violence for hire.

Easy playing refers to working as a pimp, distributing stolen goods or drugs, shooting craps or playing pool.

The hard player almost always comes from the rowdy set of the lower strata, says the report. However, he must learn how to maintain his cool.

DURING school or on the job, he will often take the role of a calm, passive, polite young man. In the evening, he may be called upon to "snuff a dude," bodyguard a "mackman" (pimp) and generally engage in strong-arm hustles.

The easy player also usually emerges out of the rowdy set, representing a youngster who wishes "to advance himself."

Games are selected which require little physical work and entail a minimal risk of serving penitentiary time. The mackman is an ideal form for many easy players, but few are qualified to carry out the enterprise of a successful pimp, UC researchers point out.

THE EASY player will usually use more marijuana; the hard player, while using marijuana, will favor pills and crystals (methadrine taken intravenously).

Drugs are used by the players, not merely for sociable or pleasurable purposes, but as a means of fortification in pushing their revenue-producing operations ("hustling drugs").



Guardian sketch by Gardiner©

To a player, hustling is success, wealth, prestige and luxury

The player is by far the most likely of all young drug users to become a heroin addict. Yet he views heroin addicts with contempt—not because they use heroin, but because they are addicts.

In their eyes, a heroin addict is one who has lost his cool—he has no respect for himself, he is dirty, he is quick to "burn" anyone and he is a "dangerous" person.

THE PLAYER has "a very high probability of later entering into a criminal career," says the UC report. However, not all players become adult criminals.

A PLAYER becomes a hustler when his "games" are converted into the polished "works" of a craftsman.

A good hustler believes that "life is a racket" and that "everyone has a front." Any man who laboriously works for a regular salary is not only a fool, but a legitimate "vic" for a "sting."

A hustler delights in showing no visible means of income and, at the same time, driving an expensive car, wearing gold watches, diamond rings, alligator skin shoes and mohair and silk suits which are changed twice daily.

He carries a large bankroll of $100 bills, a bodyguard protects him. He is always alert for new techniques to incorporate into his working games.

THE BIG time dope dealer holds the top position in a hustler's prestige hierarchy. In second place are the "mackmen" or pimps and "con artists."

The hustlers' hierarchy is based on their money-making power, ingenuity and versatility. Till tappers and money burglars also hold respect. Those who go after property (boosters, merchandise burglars and fences) occupy a lower level.

Strongarm robbers and thugs are not respected.

Despite the prestige allocated to a hustler, a large part of the hustling enterprise is anything but pleasurable and romantic, and few hustlers see themselves living the life of conspicuous leisure they often dream about.

Nevertheless, says the report, it would be a serious mistake to believe that the life of a hustler is merely a dream.

FEW youngsters from ghettoes can avoid seeing or hearing about the success of particular hustlers. In fact, some hustlers often become neighborhood legends.

Playing, then hustling, in the adolescent drug market begins by taking advantage of petty dealing opportunities.

Among mellow dudes and pot heads in the cool set, youngsters can buy a match box of marijuana for $5, enough to roll about 15 joints. Thus, they can sell the joints for 15 cents each, get their original investment back and have five extra cigarets left.

When their supply is exhausted, they will count on being turned on by others in their crowd.

THIS pattern of circulating drugs throughout the adolescent population makes it relatively inexpensive for cool people to use marijuana socially.

The pot head usually buys marijuana by the ounce ("can" or "lid") or in half-pounds. It is very common for a number of youths to pool their money to buy a pound of marijuana, which lasts them quite a period.

The pot head is usually the one to "score" (make the purchase) because he has the proper connections at the next level of traffic. [It is at this level that the risk of arrest is greatest, but "if a youth is cool, as pot heads are, he will make very few purchases, try to buy the largest amount possible and will avoid too many contacts with dealers.]

Generally, these youths are not interested in making a profit from drug use.

IN TIME, however, a youngster may realize that he can make money by being a "scorer" or "connector" with other drug markets.

As he comes to know different people in dealing, his prestige within his particular circle of peers will increase. Being able to score at will brings considerable respect and admiration in drug-using circles.

IF A youth begins to deal in pounds and kilos, he will have reached the upper level of the adolescent traffic in marijuana. He may take periodic trips to Los Angeles for pick ups.

The player, then, strikes to get cues and a fuller working knowledge of hustling. And the most effective way of getting such practical work knowledge is through prison experience, when he is thrown into contact with older, more experienced hustlers.

"We suspect that prison incarceration is more decisive than any other happening in riveting the player in the direction of a hustling career," UC researchers firmly point out.

[**NEXT: How drug users are recruited.**]

Pacific Telephone's rate hike

Continued from Page 1—

in sight except the telephone user."

One is tempted to holler back, "What about the share holders, Sid? What about AT&T, the world's largest corporation? Why can't the money come out of their superearnings?"

PACIFIC Telephone's request for $181,000,000 in higher rates (equal to about $10 for every man, woman and child in California) came at a most interesting time: just two months after Ronald Reagan was sworn into office as governor and just a month after he appointed two new members to the five-man California Public Utilities Commission.

While little is known of the two men (Frederick Morrissey, UC professor of business, and William Symons, former state senator), it is safe to say neither would have been appointed had he been as flaming a liberal as incumbent CPUC member William M. Bennett.

Is it mere coincidence that PT&T, whose last rate case spanned three years and ended not a month ago, should have the extraordinary gall to ask for higher rates so soon?

IS IT mere coincidence that PT&T should have based its rate request (incidentally, the largest ever requested by any utility in any state) on the tight money issue—the subject which is precisely Dr. Morrissey's special field of academic expertise? He has written, with substantial sympathy, on the plight of Pacific Telephone and its efforts to borrow money.

More than one unsympathetic observer of commission affairs believes that PT&T will get most of what it wants in the way of new rates, and in far less than the three years it took to settle the last case.

It takes three commission votes to approve anything. If Peter Mitchell, holdover member who was the only one to disapprove of cutting PT&T's excessive rates the last time, votes for the higher rates—and if Morrissey and Symonds do—that's all the votes Pacific Telephone needs. The only certain vote against the rate increase is Bennett's. The position of the remaining commissioner, Al Gatov, is uncertain.

LEADING the opposition at the last phone hearing were the city attorneys of San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego.

Since then, however, San Francisco's expert has lost his job in a side-effect of the Russell Wolden scandal and Pacific Telephone has reportedly been spending considerable time on the wining and dining of the city attorneys.

If the cities take a "soft" line on the rate request, who is left to oppose PT&T? Well, there's the untutored public itself and a rag-tag organization of labor union and housewives' protective leagues called the Association of California Consumers. It may not be enough.

THE PRIVATE VOICE OF HIRAM JOHNSON

After he led the successful fight to scuttle the League of Nations, California's Hiram Johnson eyed the U.S. presidency. Here, in the fifth installment of his hitherto unpublished letters to his sons, edited exclusively for The Guardian by his grandson, Hiram Johnson III, Johnson tells how he was opposed in his bid for the Republican nomination by powerful forces in his own state—forces led by Herbert Hoover, then making his first bid for national power. The letters give a fascinating insight into early California political machinations: Johnson, a radical, was shooting for the nomiation of the conservative Republican party; Hoover, a conservative, was maneuvering for the endorsement of the liberal Progressives.

Edited by Hiram Johnson III

Johnson vs. 'The Wonder Spirit of Babies'

Jan. 24, 1920

(To Mr. Meyer Lissner—a southern California publisher and Johnson confidant)

"The Hoover candidacy is assuming form. It doubtless means a fight in California. I am glad it is in the open. I knew it was coming, but of course everybody said I was pessimistic when I suggested it.

The petition for his candidacy is the most singular combination of Los Angeles Times, Food Administration and League to Enforce Peace. But the list of names I concede readily is formidable. Hoover has been a candidate for president from the very instant he came to Washington as Food Administrator.

This was the reason he surrounded himself with such a tremendous publicity bureau and this is why "the Miracle Man," "the Wonder Spirit of Babies," etc., were made household terms, and this is why the publicity of the National Food Administration consisted more of laudation of Hoover than of anything else.

"He has now the greatest press bureau of any man of the Nation and he has, too, a compact political organization in his Food Administration. He is an antagonist to be feared.

"First, because of his cleverness and his own personal wealth; secondly, because he is backed by the great, powerful business interests to which he pandered while he was food administrator; and thirdly, because he is probably backed by the great international forces that wish a League of Nations; lastly, because he is believed by our people to be a saint before whose shrine all must bow."

Feb. 6, 1920

"My Dear Jack, I have just had a very important conversation with a gentleman on the inside whose name I am not at liberty to divulge.

"I want you to know at the earliest moment something of this Hoover situation. Attached to that is the statement that the Hoover fight is the result of a long and carefully prepared plan. It had its inception with the coming of Hoover to this country, in reality, and has never been absent from the individuals who, with Hoover, conceived it at the very commencement of the Food Administration.

"It represents not only the Food Administration machine but a part of Wall Street, too. Hoover was a representative of the Morgan Firm before we entered the war; practically a partner. He is still interested in certain British-Russian bonds.

"The repeated articles, which have been running for many months in publications like The Saturday Evening Post, insisting on a business man for President, were part of a carefully prepared scheme for putting Hoover over. It is now realized that Hoover has little chance before the Republicans, but his backers wish, and he himself has expressed this idea, to drive the Republican party into the selection of the worst reactionary possible so that he may make his appeal to the Progressive element in the election.

"His plan as outlined in the East embraces a great overwhelming groundswell which begins in his State of California. The movement in California is to take the form of winning both the Republican and the Democratic delegates.

"The purpose of winning the Republican delegates is not to use them in the Republican National Convention, because it is recognized he cannot win the Republican National nomination, but the purpose is to cripple and, if possible, destroy Johnson.

"In this he has a distinct understanding, not only with J. P. Morgan & Company, but with such elements as are represented by the Los Angeles Times and certain individuals who have made vast profits out of the Food Administration.

"Beyond these forces, the plan will also include assistance to him from those in California who are friendly to Wood, Lowden and Harding, and their candidacies for the Republican nomination. All of the candidates opposed to Johnson will get behind the Hoover delegates.

"None of the other candidates except Hoover will run delegates. The initial campaign fund of Hoover, $250,000, has practically been expended now, but he is underwritten for an indefinite sum whatever the exigencies of the situation may require.

"Hoover himself changed the plan of his friends sometime after it started some months ago. He conceived the idea of maintaining silence and apparent friendliness to the Republican party, then driving the Republican party into the selection of a stand-pat candidate and himself thereafter becoming the Democratic Progressive candidate. He first broached this plan himself, then was encouraged in it by the big financiers who had made millions upon millions out of his administration, and all of them agree that the only mode of accomplishing his purpose was to get into the Republican primary in California with every purchasable element in the State and with the stuffed respectability of the League to Enforce Peace and those individuals who have profited from his administration.

"It was argued that success in the Republican primary might bring success in the Convention; but while this was deemed unlikely it was certain that Hoover's success in the Republican primary would destroy the candidacy of Johnson.

"The men in California whose names are known as poised to the whole scheme are: Gavin McNabb, Charles W. Faye, Ralph Merritt, Harry Chandler, E. A. Dickson and certain gentlemen at the head of the League to Enforce Peace whose names were at the moment not at hand."

Feb. 12, 1920

(To Mr. Meyer Lissner)

"I received in bed this week your letter summing up the various causes of opposition to me. Of course, you are right. You didn't half state all the reasons of opposition, however. I recognize the situation in California thoroughly.

"I understand full well that I am wholly in the minority in



Guardian sketch—Gardiner (c)

Southern California. I believe, as Hoover believes, and has stated in the Sacramento Union, that upon a ballot in Los Angeles he would beat me five or six to one.

"I believe just as you say. I have no women friends in Southern California save possibly Mrs. Edson, and few men friends there. I agree with you entirely that Southern California looks upon me as an irreconcilable in my position upon the League of Nations; that it believes that I am too friendly to the Irish, too unfriendly to the British, that there are too many Irish among my few supporters and too few Canadians and British.

"I believe, and I have not doubted for many months, that as against Hoover I could not carry California and that probably I would be beaten in Southern California by Wood or Lowden or Harding. But what of it old man. There are just two things to do; either quit as hopelessly beaten and surrender, or fight. I know only one way and that is: To fight.

"I entered this whole thing under no delusions or illusions. I am under none now. In the Nation I have played a man's part. A man's part is not acceptable to Los Angeles(but cowardly hypocrisy of the Times and its supporters and the Hoover people there makes a man's part an impossibility.)

"Hoover's statement is the appropriate Los Angeles attitude. He is for a League of Nations with reservations which preserve inviolate our independence of action and our nation long traditional policy. Just think of it!

"These people who are supporting him upon the theory that he is just a purist for a year have denounced me because I would not adopt the League of Nations without amendments or reservations.

"The worst irreconcilable in our group asks nothing more than the preservation inviolate of our independence of action and of our Nation long traditional policy. It is just this that has brought upon us the infamy and abuse of the scaly people who pretend their holiness without patriotism.

"What become of all the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man? Men and women in Los Angeles would demand by the thousands, the adoption of the League of Nations without amendments or reservations."

EXCERPTS FROM TWAIN MANUSCRIPTS

Continued from Page 9—

crobes," also included in the University of California Press Volume. John S. Tuckey, the volume's editor, quotes a Twain notebook entry: "I think we are only the microscopic trichina concealed in the blood of some vast creature's veins, and it is that vast creature whom God concerns Himself about and not us." The narrator of "Three Thousand Years" is a former human, now a cholera germ, who had hoped to be in the bloodstream of a pure young girl, but instead:

"The erring magician introduced me into the blood of a hoary and mouldering old bald-headed tramp. His name is Blitzowski—if that isn't an alias — and he was shipped to America by Hungary because Hungary was tired of him. He tramps in the summer and sleeps in the fields; in the winter he passes the hat in cities, and sleeps in the jails when the gutter is too cold; he was sober once, but does not remember when it was; he never shaves, never washes, never combs his tangled fringe of hair; he is wonderfully rugged, incredibly dirty; he is malicious, malignant, vengeful, treacherous, he was born a thief, and will die one; he is unspeakably profane, his body is a sewer, a reek of decay, a charnel house, and contains swarming nations of all the different kinds of germ-vermin that have been invented for the contentment of man. He is their world, their globe, lord of their universe, its jewel, its marvel, its miracle, its masterpiece. They are as proud of their world as is any earthling of his."

Twain hoped to make his manuscript into a kind of "Gulliver's Travels" to air his contempt of American avarice, Teddy Roosevelt's imperialistic policies, stock market manipulations and other subjects, but it serves instead to express his views of the rottenness and depravity of man.

The late Twain manuscripts would make, as Henry Nash Smith has observed, a rich subject for a qualified psychologist. Twain was, in DeVoto's opinion, skirting the "edge of insanity" during these years, and to readers who associate him only with Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer, the manuscript in "Which Was the Dream?" must be surprising and upsetting. The material does reveal, however, the amazing fertility of Twain's strained imagination and some of the dark recesses he had courage to probe.

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NO SECRETS IN TWAIN ESTATE

Continued from Page 9—

Bridgman of the Berkeley faculty; Mark Twain's notebooks, in three volumes, edited by Frederick Anderson, curator of the Mark Twain Papers and executive editor of the entire series, and several additional volumes of correspondence, edited by Hill, Anderson, and Lewis Leary of Columbia.

PUBLICATION of the entire archive will bring to a logical culmination the work of five scholars who have served as literary editors of the Twain estate during the 57 years since his death. Albert Bigelow Paine, chosen by Mark Twain as his biographer, worked with the papers from 1910 until his own death in 1937, bringing out a dozen volumes of biography, letters, speeches, essays and fiction.

Bernard DeVoto continued this task from 1938 to 1947, when he was succeeded by Dixon Wecter, then of the University of California at Los Angeles. Wecter brought the collection to Berkeley when he was appointed to the history department in 1949. After Wecter's death, this writer held the literary editorship from 1953 until Frederick Anderson's appointment in 1962.

SINCE 1953, any qualified scholar has been given access to the archive, and more than a dozen books about Twain published within the past ten years (including one in England and one in France) have drawn heavily on the manuscripts. Consequently there are no secrets in the Mark Twain Papers, nothing that has not been fully considered by more than one researcher. But the publication of the entire collection will now make available to readers everywhere texts that have been seen only by scholars able to work in the Berkeley Library.

PUBLICATION of the first three volumes of the "Mark Twain Papers" is one of the first tangible results in the act of Congress passed in 1965 creating the National Endowment for the Humanities. While editorial work on these volumes was under way, the Center for Editions of American Authors (an agency of the Modern Language Association) received from the NEH a grant to subsidize the preparation of thoroughly verified texts of the work of our major writers.

Money from the Center hastened by perhaps a year the publication of these first three volumes of the Mark Twain Papers. With continued support from federal funds, it is expected that publication of the entire series will be completed several years ahead of the original schedule.

Morton's College

Morton's College, serene on its hillside
among tall sycamores
which gather years like shadows,
is the old man's talisman.
Each year he wonders:
will the worn steps survive, and will
the arched, high windows framed by tendrils,
the broken walks and quiet arbors
outlive this arid time?
Here the young are truly young,
the girls sunny as wheat
from the broad midland farms,
the boys awkward and shy,
beautiful as saplings.
Here in small unhurried looms
a fragile thread is woven
as though the locusts were not gathering.
Morton's College is the old man's talisman
against the alien terror.
Once a year he comes to walk,
to touch green walls
and hear the hallways echoing
a known and friendly tongue.

—**Stanley McNail**

"Morton's College" is to introduce Stanley McNail, The Guardian's new poetry editor. He will edit a special poetry display, starting in the next issue, and select poetry from contributors for publication in The Guardian. McNail, a poet himself, also has edited the "Galley Sail Review," a poetry review in San Francisco since 1953, and "Nightshade," a pamphlet of "fantasy and macabre in poetry," since January, 1965. He is the author of three books on poetry: "Footsteps in the Attic," "The Blackhawk Country" and "Something Breathing." Contributions should be addressed to McNail, in care of The Guardian, 746 Brannan St., San Francisco.

ACT's virtuoso talents dazzle in 'Fringe'; and 'End Game'

By Donald Babcock

The American Conservatory Theatre is blessed with extremely versatile actors and brilliantly imaginative directors. Their virtuoso talent marred ACT's first productions, but the troupe's abilities are excellently matched to the hilarious comic revue, "Beyond the Fringe," and disciplined to near perfection in "Endgame," two offerings at the Geary Theater in San Francisco.

Rene Auberjonois appears in each production. His performances, compared with his interpretation of Tartuffe, illustrate the reasons for the superiority of later productions.

Auberjonois is gifted with an excellent sense of the appropriate gesture, an amazing range of facial expressions and voice qualities and uncanny comic timing. But without discipline of such a wealth of talent the danger is that a scene or bit of stage action may be used to display individual virtuosity rather than integrated into the action of the play.

In my last review I pointed out that Auberjonois fell into such a trap in "Tartuffe."

SIMILARLY, I said ACT's production of "Tiny Alice" showed tendencies to the grand effect at the expense of coherent continuity. However, "Beyond the Fringe" is the perfect vehicle for ACT and for Auberjonois and their magnificent sense of scene.

"Fringe" is a series of comic skits, like the "Committee's," but more polished, but, being British, they are also more refined than those American audiences are used to.

Auberjonois is outstanding in this format. He translates wry English humor into the American idiom without losing comedy and his creations—of a complacent patriot, a Scotland Yard man and a railway inspector discovers 400 identical pairs of blue corduroy trousers have been left on different trains—demonstrate his versatility and depth of talent.

SCOTT HYLANDS and Austin Pendleton have similarly fine moments.

ACT's production of Samuel Beckett's "Endgame" proves the troupe can do much more than individually excellent scenes. In Edward Payson Call's well-balanced production, he has disciplined Auberjonois and his colleagues just enough so that ACT's tendency to excessive emotionalism is eliminated, yet the creativity of individual performers is in no way impaired.

CALL'S achievement is especially important because "Endgame" is not only one of the finest contemporary plays, it is also a difficult play to produce well. More traditional plays center upon plots that begin with a conflict, build to a crisis and end in resolution. "Endgame" centers upon a static situation, which it proposes as an analogy for the intellectual and emotional conditions of contemporary man. Emphasis has shifted from story development to exploration of the given situation. Since there is less action in "Endgame" than in most plays, it takes great skill to give a performance that is both entertaining and significant.

THE excellence of ACT's production of "Endgame" is evident from the beginning. Set designer Stuart Wurtzel has created a room which establishes the right sense of oppressive restriction, decay and grotesque abstraction.

Auberjonois' performance is again a touchstone to determine the production's quality. In place of the flamboyant comic of "Fringe" or the emotive saint of "Tartuffe," he offers a highly stylized, firmly controlled performance of Clov, capturing perfectly both the humor and the horror of life without meaning.

No particular moment is milked at the expense of another and you see the magnificence of the whole rather than the overwhelming effect of this or that scene.

I think this is Beckett's best play, and I doubt you will see a better production.

Because of the rapidly rising total of paid subscriptions and the regular large volume of promotional mailings, many readers may receive an extra copy of The Bay Guardian. Please give it to a friend.

Legislative lineup

Continued from Page 4—

and may have less of a chance this year.

• Assemblyman **WILLIE BROWN**, San Francisco Democrat. Brown tangled with Unruh last year and this year was shelved into the chairmanship of the lower house's committee on lobbyists. Brown came out fighting, and promised more rigid controls on lobbying.

Other veterans in the second rank of power, or below:

• Sen. **RICHARD J. DOLWIG,** Atherton Republican, conservative to moderate, a strong advocate for special interests such as Foster City and Southern Pacific.

• Assemblyman **JOHN L. BURTON**, liberal San Francisco Democrat.

• Assemblyman **LEO RYAN,** liberal to moderate Burlingame Democrat.

• Assemblyman **JOHN FRANCIS FORAN**, liberal to moderate San Francisco Democrat.

• Assemblyman **CHARLES MEYERS**, San Francisco Democrat, a small voice for a large city.

Among freshmen, Republican Sen. **LEWIS SHERMAN** of Berkeley offers a contrast. He defeated Democratic Assemblyman Byron Rumford in the upper house race, but he's gained support from liberal Democrats since his election. So far, he's remained quiet on University of California issues.

Assemblywoman **MARCH K. FONG** of Oakland promises strong support of education and her fellow Democrats. Assemblyman **JOHN VASCONCELLOS** of San Jose, a Democrat, waged a strong campaign, but his strength is yet to be tested.

The Crow's Nest

By Wilbur Gaffney

A telegram from an academic gentleman in Amherst, Mass., who has just turned down an offer from Berkeley (probably with good reasons) asks: "Confirm/deny Rumor Gov. Body UCAL Now Renamed 'Board of Reagans.'" Though we are not close enough to the State House to confirm this, we feel, in the face of the evidence to date, unqualified to issue a denial.

* * *

We can, however, firmly deny the rapidly spreading legend that the Hearst Carillon Tower played "Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes!" on the occasion of the recent visit of Dr. Rafferty to Cemetery Hill.

* * *

According to the Reagan administration, as quoted in the local press, the University's budget was to be cut by 10 per cent. On the other hand, the governor's own figures proposed a cut from $278 million to $192 million. Known as the Large, or Hospital-size, 10 per cent? (Or is this some "new math" that we haven't caught up with yet?)

* * *

We were charmed beyond measure by the two-bladed and delicate idea of civic duty of the state's Chief Executive. The gist of his remarks to a reporter was that he wouldn't think of even offering the presidency to Dr. Rafferty, because Dr. Rafferty had just been re-elected and was thus duty-bound by contract to the sovereign people of California, so that his (Dr. R's) conscience would not allow him to accept the post, if offered.

Touching, that! Oh, very touching! We could have been brought to the verge of tears by such a high ideal of public duty—had we not lived long enough to see one elected official after another, over many years and in many states, swear to serve his full term and then (Opp. knocking) take off like a sailor after a miniskirt.

* * *

Idea: The Crow's Nest hereby offers a prize—a year's subscription to The Bay Guardian—for best letter from Dr. Rafferty to the Governor declining the position (for the suggested reason, or any other), or accepting it (giving Rafferty-type reasons). Limit: 150 words. Winning entry will be printed in the column; space permitting, first two runners-up will also be printed.

* * *

Gov. Rand's suggestion that if students had to pay for their education, they might appreciate it more, is a good one. At this moment, they pay no tuition, but only "fees" mounting to sizable sums per year.

Make education cost more, and you will get only the deserving classes: those who will not wear beards and demonstrate, but will, instead, spend their time on socially desirable activities such as fraternities, sororities, organized dances at the Mark Hopkins or the Fairmont, skiing weekends and such-like things that do not steal time from Academic Education.

* * *

Those few (what's 700,000 or so among friends?) who have to work a year or two to get the money for their education will be solving California's chronic labor shortage. Now that the braceros have been forever banned—would anyone like to lay a few bets?—there must be plenty of field work available.

* * *

Without holding any unduly "liberal" briefs for Dr. Clark Kerr, we can only hope, for his own and his colleagues' consolation, that he knows his Milton:

"Farthest from him is best;
Whom Reason hath equalled,
Force has made supreme
Above his equals . . . Hail,
horrors! Hail,
Infernal world! And thou,
profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor:
one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd
by place or time. . . .

—"Paradise Lost,"
Book I, lines 247 ff.

'It all made sense in my dream'

Continued from Page 5—

looking for somebody in charge for quite a long time.)

THE young man is approached by an Assistant to the Publisher of Time Magazine. "Are you here to be painted?" asks the Assistant.

"Why, I don't think so," says the young man. "Not unless it's absolutely necessary, anyway. I mean, if the job requires it, I'll do it, but . . ."

It's not necessary unless you're famous," says the Assistant, "and I know you're not Frank Sinatra. Are you famous in some other way?"

"Oh, dear me, no," says the young man. "I'm very anonymous, as a matter of fact. Anyhow, I'm supposed to be."

"Then just what do you want?"

"Well, I was looking for some students."

"Students?" The Assistant glances around. "I don't seem to see any about. Do you?"

"IT'S always like that these days," says the young man plaintively. "It used to be so easy. As soon as I showed up on campus, there'd be a group ready and willing to take the money. A discreet exchange in the hall between classes, and another blow would be struck for the American way of life. But now," the young man sighs, "now they're always off demonstrating somewhere or something, and even when they're around they're always asking embarrassing questions. I'm not supposed to have to answer questions. Congress says so."

The Assistant places his hand on the young man's arm, but what he says in reply is inaudible, for now a chorus of voices rises from the mall.

THAT'S the ugliest thing I ever saw," says President Johnson.

"You've made me look fat," complains Robert Kennedy. "Do you want people to think I'm a communist, for heaven's sake?"

"I don't look mean enough," the Generals cry in unison.

"I don't look powerful enough," shout the Corporation Presidents.

At this moment several hundred students, all possibly under the influence of drugs, rush on the scene clamoring to be painted as Man of the Year, and in the ensuing uproar the following may be observed:

The Assistant to the Publisher struggling with a long-tressed young lady who has decided he needs painting, preferably in some psychedelic design.

AN ENRAGED General searching futilely for some Privates to order around. (By some oversight, no Privates were being painted today.)

The novelist and the playwright gleefully destroying their portraits, their heads already full of ideas.

President Johnson and Robert Kennedy fleeing in opposite directions, heading for the same place.

THE young man pressing his bundle of money on Governor Reagan, who has arrived in the mistaken belief that he was not expected. The Governor accepts the money, promising to use it to fight communism at his University just as soon as he finds some students and teachers.

"You still don't have any students or teachers?" asks the young man in amazement.

"You must understand that California is a very young nation," explains Governor Reagan patiently. "After all, we've only been here since 1923."

What more might have happened I can't say, for the alarm woke me then, and I was mercifully returned to the world of reality, where of course everything makes perfect sense if only you look at it right.

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The coils of the serpent Eve

By Gloria Zeidman

The last laugh is on him who reads perversion into "I, A Woman," the new Danish-Swedish film that has opened at the Presidio theater in San Francisco.

Sole focus of this saga of a woman is Essy Persson, playing Siv Esruth, a small town virgin who in all eagerness discards the skins of innocence. As director Mac Ahlberg lets Siv blossom unrestrainedly into womanhood, he scrupulously avoids moralizing. While the limber seductress is repeatedly disrobed, the viewer may condone or condemn as he wishes. Ahlberg refuses to detract from her joy.

THOUGH inescapably aware, Siv, to use the words of her first lover, is "wonderfully primitive." To attempt labeling her whims lust or desire, playfulness or lasciviousness would be to quibble. She is no more or no less than a woman in love with men.

Her first love is her father, a beautiful man, big and sensuous. His head bowed over his violin, he plays the background music for the film's initial unveiling of Siv's taut, naked form. "I, A Woman" returns again and again to Siv's obsessions: her father's longing music, her body's yearning rhythms. If her unclothed raptures be termed excesses, then only the passionate earth-goddess Psyche herself may be held accountable.

DIRECTOR Ahlberg complies with Siv's premise: she regards herself as the only woman, the possessor of all men. On the threshhold of gladly losing her virginity, she impersonates Eve.

Poised in profile by the unopened window, she holds an unbitten apple to her lips. The only other females to share the screen for more than an instant are her mother, (whose wrinkled unworldliness repels her father) and a stripper. But the latter is almost a mirror image of Siv, and in a dance reminiscent of Salome, heralds Siv's new sophistication.

An ingenious artistry marks Ahlberg's depiction of the long awaited deflowering. Flashing back, one sees father, mother and fiance swaying frantically to the heavily suggestive music of the fanatic sect in which Siv has been raised.

AND AS HER orgasmic rapture mounts, the music amplifies the repressed misery of the worshippers' displaced sensuality. Then, as the confining church of her girlhood fades from the screen, the music reflects the lonely resonance of released joy, and the camera closes in on the magnificence of Essy Persson's face.

It is both the irony and the truth of "I, A Woman" that every man Siv shares her bed with soon wishes to make her his wife. Each is refused.

TO THE "perfect lover" who plots her initiation, she replies "I will not be dragged into your loneliness." To the sea-faring man who wants her to wait for him and be his "not only in fun," she admits, "You know I can not be without a man that long." And to the doctor, who will sacrifice his peace of mind to have her at his side, she remains available only as a lover.

NOT ONLY is Siv far more sophisticated than the heroine of "Dear John," she is far stronger. And Alfie's engagement with self is flippantly conceived compared to this woman's deeply sowed confidence. Her suitors tell her: "You are terrific. You have a natural talent." Yet, she wonders if other women are like her!

But when she lies in a man's arms, she is as yielding, as accepting as ever a woman was meant to be. Insatiable is her quest: "I love you all, all men, I desire you all," she sighs in the last sequence when a lover refuses to reveal his name. He is wary of the woman's marriage designs. It is then that Siv convulses with laughter.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING

By Creighton H. Churchill

Night people

For those who feel at home among night people found in Mayfair markets at three a.m., the Drug Store Cafe, at 1398 Haight St. in S.F., appears to be a private club filled with refugees from sunlight and reality. If you can't make the show at Finocchio's, try a late night tour of Compton's cafeteria on the corner of Turk and Taylor in S.F., but don't try to pick up the beautiful girl in the next booth. She's probably an ex-Marine. Speaking of such, the Nite-Life Club on Haight St. offers "Go-Go Boys." If your tastes are straighter, the best of the topless shows in S.F. is at the Roaring Twenties, 807 Montgomery, with more nice looking flesh doing interesting things than anywhere else in North Beach. To keep abreast of the latest, the Twenties offers a psychedelic Adam and Eve dance, which, besides being what it sounds like, is well danced by serious professionals.

Restaurants in Oakland?

Good dining in Oakland is not a contradiction in terms. In Jack London Square, an amalgam of restaurants, nightclubs and hotel-motels, the best dinner combination for the money ($12.00 per couple with wine) is served at the Grotto, a new restaurant built on piles over the entrance to the sport-boat harbor. Fresh scampi, large Italian shrimp, are a delicious house specialty. In Alameda, at the Pacific Marina, stands the Galleon, a combination of excellent architecture and cuisine. Most all seafood dishes there are good, particularly the abalone au beurre. Prices at $12 to $15 per couple with wine.

For generations, Fenner Fuller's, a gourmet restaurant at 614 Grand Ave. in Oakland, has been famous for savory Eastern lamb dishes and oyster a la Fenner, a unique oyster platter created by the late Fenner Fuller, chef and haute-cuisine critic-author of international reputation. The constantly changing painting, sculpture and fashion boutique items on display help transform the restaurant into one of the area's best art and fashion galleries.

The biggest white elephant

The Hotel Claremont in Oakland is one of a kind, which is fortunate for everybody. Two Claremonts would probably kill off the East Bay hotel trade for generations. This huge white chateau of peeling paint stands in the Berkeley-Oakland hills, a monumental argument against hotel monopolies. The food is bad, most of the rooms worse, the upkeep is early Dogpatch and the Ball Room has more pillars than a BART station. The saving grace is the Terrace Bar and piano lounge, which commands a beautiful view of the city and bay, and has a small dance combo on weekends. It is usually pleasant and uncrowded except for Iowa honeymoon couples who are there because their parents stayed there during the hotel's brighter days. The drinks are honest—probably an oversight by the management.

Cowboys and wine

California's wine country is a land rarely traveled by the megalopolite. Sonoma county, one and a half hours drive north up 101, bristles with such early Californiana as the Buena Vista Vineyards and the town of Glen Ellen. The pioneer vineyards, designated a state historic landmark, are hidden in a valley on Old Winery Road just outside Sonoma city. Visitors can explore the caves and the wine tasting room, then buy some sour dough sandwiches at the cave store for an idyl in the "winegarden," a picnic area in the vineyard proper, with benches, trees and a woodsy brook. Glen Ellen is still a cowboy town, in spite of everything. In the town bar with a hitching rail John Wayne and Gabby Hayes types rub steins with city writers who escape in rumpled tweeds into the countryside. Through it all, Jack London's ghost sleeps off a roaring drunk under old wine casks in the corner.

Taking the table in the teeth

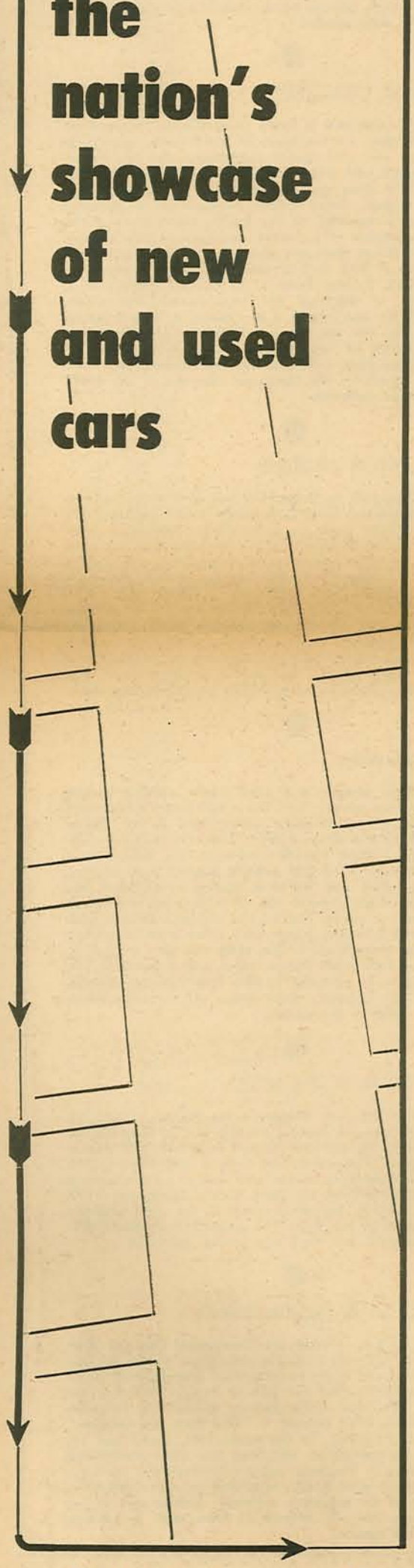
In Los Altos in the deep Peninsula, the Balkan Village has an atmosphere to unwind harried executives. On Sundays the audience gets into the act with lessons in Greek folk dances and other esoterica. The usual fare is food and drink with a floor show highlighted by a waiter who carries a table around in his teeth without spilling any food. Sakura Gardens at 2116 N. El Camino Real in Mountain View is the only sit-down Japanese restaurant in the area. The decor is Japanese-American-Shirley MacLaine, but food and service are good.

Compendium in B flat for kazoo

Union street in S.F. is more than boutiques. One can start a "Japanese evening" with cocktails and dinner at the Mingei-Ya, a superb Japanese rustic country-style restaurant at 2033 Union. Fairly expensive, but the best of its type in S.F. After dinner, try the Toho Rio movie theatre, specializing in excellent Japanese films. Now playing is "The Face on Another," an absorbing psychodrama. In the same vein, blood and all, are the Karate championships, smashing into Civic Auditorium at 7 p.m. on March 4. The most jaded violence-loving spectator should feel satisfied, since Karate combines the grace and ballet with the power of an explosive warhead. Combatants square off, as in boxing, and are judged on form, skill in combat, aggressiveness and speed.

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